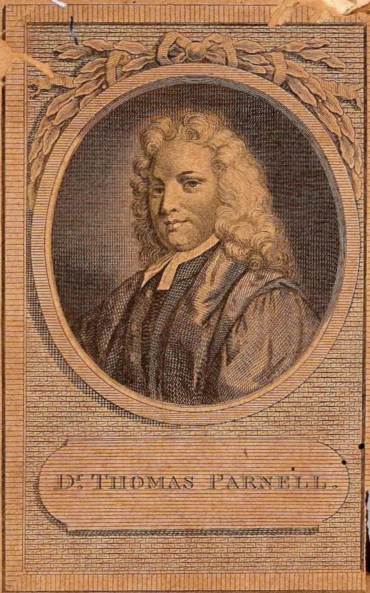

From an Original in the possession of John Hamilton Esqr. Cook

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Apr. 1st 1

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

PARNELL, VOLUME I.
For this Commission'd, I forsook the Sky
Nay, ceafe to kneel. thy fellow Servant I.
Hermit.

Mortimer del: Grignion Scu:
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Ap: 27. 1778.

Stirling Royal

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. THO. PARNELL.

Containing those

PUBLISHED BY MR. POPE,

Together with his whole

POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. HOR.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear----in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend.-----
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays.-----

POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ANACREONTICS,	HYMNS,
ECLOGUES,	EPISTLES,
SONGS,	MISCELLANIES,

&c. &c. &c.

Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praiſe to ſhow,
Bright Gift of Verſe deſcend! and here below
My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
Among thy pomp let rich Expreſſion wait,
Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete-----
And when thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flow'ry ſpring erect its head.----
My call is favour'd, Time, from firſt to laſt,
Unwinds his years; the preſent ſees the paſt:
I view the circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footſteps where he went before.

GIFT OF POETRY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS,
Anno 1778.

THE LIFE OF

Dr. THOMAS PARNELL.

Of our exalted Poet, whoſe life, though far from being popular, did not altogether paſs in privacy, we meet with few other accounts than ſuch as the life of every man will afford, *viz.* when he was born, where he was educated, and where he died; for as the fame of a ſcholar is acquired in ſolitude, his life ſeldom abounds with adventure. But as we are naturally fond of talking of thoſe who have afforded us pleaſure, and as we never receive pleaſure without a deſire to be acquainted with the ſource from whence it ſprings, it is hoped theſe ſimple Memoirs of the man will not be unacceptable to thoſe who admire the poet.

The city of Dublin had the honour of giving birth to the Author of the following Poems in the 1676, where Mr. Parnell alſo received the firſt rudiments of his education at the ſchool of Dr. Jones. Our Author was deſcended from an ancient family, ſettled for ſome centuries at Congleton in Cheſhire. His father, who was alſo named Thomas, went over to Ireland upon the Reſtoration, being attached to the Commonwealth party: in that kingdom he acquired very conſiderable property in lands, which eſtates, as well as thoſe he poſſeſſed in Cheſhire, deſcended to our Poet as his eldeſt ſon.

Our Author was received a member of the College

of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much earlier than uſual, as at that univerſity they are ſtricter in their examination for admiſſion than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progreſs through the college courſe of ſtudy was probably marked with but little ſplendour; but it is certain that as a claſſical ſcholar few could equal him; and this his own compoſitions, joined to the deference paid him by the moſt eminent men of his time, put beyond a doubt.

In July 1700 he took the degree of Maſter of Arts, and that ſame year was ordained a Deacon by William Biſhop of Derry, having obtained a diſpenſation from the Primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. About the 1703 or 1704, he was admitted into prieſt's orders by William Archbiſhop of Dublin; and in February 1705, he was collated by Sir George Aſhe, Biſhop of Clogher, to the Archdeaconry of Clogher.

Prior to this date our Author had paid his addreſſes to a young lady of great merit and beauty; this lady was Miſs Anne Minchin, whom he married much about this period. He had by her two ſons and one daughter. Both the ſons died young; but the daughter is ſtill alive. His wife died ſome time before him, and her death is ſaid to have made ſo great an impreſſion on his ſpirits, as to be greatly inſtrumental in haſtening his own. In May 1716 he was preſented by Archbiſhop King to the Vicarage of Finglas, a benefice in the Dioceſe of Dublin worth about 400 *l.*

per annum; but he lived not long to enjoy the benefits of this preferment; for in July 1718, when on his way to Ireland, he died at Chefter, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city, without any monument to dignify the place of his interment. Having died without male-iffue, his eftate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, Baronet, whofe faher was younger brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the Juftices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

It frequently happens to men of genius, that no Memoirs can be collected of confequence enough to be recorded by the biographer. A poet, while living, is feldom an object fufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are commonly known but to a few, and thefe are generally fparing of their praifes: and when his fame is tranfmitted to pofterity by time, it becomes too late to inveftigate the tranfactions of his life, or peculiarities of his difpofition.

Dr. Parnell, by what the learned have been able to trace out concerning him, was the moft capable man in the world to promote the happinefs of thofe with whom he converfed, but the leaft qualified to fecure his own: his life was wholly fpent in agony or rapture; and he was confequently either greatly elated or totally depreffed. But the violence of thofe paffions only affected his own quiet, and never interrupted the tranquillity of his connexions and friends; for being extremely fenfible of the ridicule of his own

character, he fucceſsfully raiſed the mirth of his companions as well at his vexations as at his triumphs.

In his converſation he is ſaid to have been extremely engaging, though in what its chiefeſt excellence conſiſted is at preſent unknown. Even before he diſcovered any genius in literary purſuits, his friendſhip was courted by perſons of all ranks and parties. The letters which were addreſſed to him by his friends and correſpondents are full of compliments upon his talents as a companion, and his good nature as a man. Pope ſtands foremoſt in the liſt of thoſe who bear this teſtimony to the ſocial qualities of Parnell, and ſeems to regret his abſence more than any of the reſt. One of his letters is in the following words:

Dear Sir, *London, July* 29.

" I WISH it were not as ungenerous as vain to com-
" plain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could
" expoſtulate with you a whole day upon your inhu-
" man ſilence; I call it inhuman, nor would you think
" it leſs, if you were truly ſenſible of the uneaſineſs it
" gives me. Did I know you ſo ill as to think you
" proud, I would be much leſs concerned than I am
" able to be, when I know one of the beſt-natured
" men alive neglects me; and if you know me ſo ill
" as to think amiſs of me, with regard to my friend-
" ſhip for you, you really do not deſerve half the
" trouble you occaſion me. I need not tell you that

" both Mr. Gay and myſelf have written ſeveral let-
" ters in vain; that we are conſtantly inquiring of
" all who have ſeen Ireland if they ſaw you, and that
" (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering
" you in our moſt agreeable hours. All this is true,
" as that we are ſincerely lovers of you, and deplo-
" rers of your abſence, and that we form no wiſh more
" ardently than that which brings you over to us,
" and places you in your old ſeat between us. We
" have lately had ſome diſtant hopes of the Dean's
" deſign to reviſit England; will not you accompany
" him? or is England to loſe every thing that has
" any charms for us? and muſt we pray for baniſh-
" ment as a benediction?—I have once been witneſs
" of ſome, I hope all, of your ſplenetic hours; come
" and be a comforter in your turn to me in mine. I
" am in ſuch an unſettled ſtate, that I can't tell if I
" ſhall ever ſee you, unleſs it be this year; whether
" I do or not, be ever aſſured you have as large a
" ſhare of my thoughts and good wiſhes as any man,
" and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart as
" would enrich a monarch, could he know where to
" find it. I ſhall not die without teſtifying ſomething
" of this nature, and leaving to the world a memo-
" rial of the friendſhip that has been ſo great a plea-
" ſure and a pride to me. It would be like writing
" my own epitaph, to acquaint you what I have loſt
" ſince I ſaw you, what I have done, what I have

“ thought, where I have lived, and where I now re-
“ poſe in obſcurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of
“ this, will inform you of all particulars concerning
“ me, and Mr. Ford is charged with a thouſand loves,
“ and a thouſand complaints, and a thouſand com-
“ miſſions, to you on my part: they will both tax you
“ with the neglect of ſome promiſes which were too
“ agreeable to us all to be forgot: if you care for any
“ of us, tell them ſo, and write ſo to me. I can ſay
“ no more, but that I love you, and am, in ſpite of
“ the longeſt neglect or abſence, Dear Sir,

“ Your moſt faithful affectionate friend and ſervant,

“ A. POPE.

“ Gay is in Devonſhire, and from thence goes to
“ Bath. My father and mother never fail to com-
“ memorate you.”

To this fondneſs which Pope ſhowed for the company and correſpondence of Parnell, he alſo owed him ſeveral literary obligations for the aſſiſtance given him in his tranſlation of Homer. But Gay was obligated to our Author upon a different ſcore; for his finances being generally low, he was not above receiving at Parnell's hands (whom want did not compel into the ſervice of the Muſes, but who appeared in their train from genius and inclination) the copy-money which the latter got for his writings. The reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee ſome letters under

the hands of Pope and Gay in proof of what is here advanced.

Dear Sir, *Binfield, near Oakingham, Tuef.*

"I BELIEVE the hurry you were in hindered your "giving me a word by the laft poft, fo that I am "yet to learn whether you got well to Town, or con-"tinue fo there. I very much fear both for your "health and your quiet, and no man living can be "more truly concerned in any thing that touches "either than myfelf. I would comfort myfelf, how-"ever, with hoping that your bufinefs may not be "unfuccefsful for your fake, and that, at leaft, it "may foon be put into other proper hands. For my "own, I beg earneftly of you to return to us as foon "as poffible. You know how very much I want you, "and that however your bufinefs may depend upon "any other, my bufinefs depends entirely upon you; "and yet ftill I hope you will find your man, even "though I lofe you the mean while. At this time, "the more I love you the more I can fpare you, "which alone will, I dare fay, be a reafon to you to "let me have you back the fooner. The minute I loft "you, Euftathius with nine hundred pages, and nine "thoufand contractions of the Greek character, arofe "to my view! Spendanus, with all his auxiliaries, in "number a thoufand pages, (value three fhillings) "and Dacier's three volumes, Barne's two, Valterie's

" three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three
" parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worſe
" than them all) Aulus Gellius! All theſe ruſhed upon
" my ſoul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the
" headach. I curſed them all religiouſly; damned
" my beſt friends among the reſt, and even blaſ-
" phemed Homer himſelf. Dear Sir, not only as you
" are a friend, and a good-natured man, but as you
" are a Chriſtian and a divine, come back ſpeedily,
" and prevent the increaſe of my ſins; for at the rate
" I have begun to rave, I ſhall not only damn all the
" poets and commentators who have gone before
" me, but be damned myſelf by all who come after
" me. To be ſerious, you have not only left me to
" the laſt degree impatient for your return, who at
" all times ſhould have been ſo, (though never ſo
" much as ſince I knew you in beſt health here) but
" you have wrought ſeveral miracles upon our fami-
" ly: you have made old people fond of a young and
" gay perſon, and inveterate Papiſts of a clergyman
" of the Church of England: even nurſe herſelf is in
" danger of being in love in her old age, and (for all
" I know) would even marry Dennis for your ſake,
" becauſe he is your man, and loves his maſter. In
" ſhort, come down forthwith, or give me good rea-
" ſons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by
" the next poſt. If I find them juſt I will come up
" to you, though you know how precious my time is

"at preſent. My hours were never worth ſo much "money before; but perhaps you are not ſenſible of "this, who give away your own works. You are a "generous author; I a hackney ſcribbler: you are a "Grecian, and bred at an univerſity; I a poor Eng-"liſhman, of my own educating: you are a reverend "perſon; I a wag: in ſhort, you are Dr. Parnelle, (with "an *e* at the end of your name) and I

"Your moſt obliged

"and affectionate friend,

"and faithful ſervant,

"A. POPE."

"My hearty ſervice to the Dean, Dr Arbuthnot, "Mr Ford, and the true genuine ſhepherd, J. Gay "of Devon. I expect him down with you."

It appears pretty clear from the above that Parnell ſhared with Pope in the labours of his tranſlations, although the epiſtle is ſo ambiguouſly worded as to render a direct charge of this in ſome meaſure impoſſible. He is, however, more explicit in regard to his friend Gay's obligations to our Author. His words, in a letter without date, are to the following purpoſe:

Dear Sir,

"I WRITE to you with the ſame warmth, the ſame "zeal of good-will and friendſhip, with which I uſed

"to converſe with you two years ago, and can't "think myſelf abſent when I feel you ſo much at "my heart. The picture of you which Jervas brought "me over is infinitely leſs lively a repreſentation "than that I carry about with me, and which riſes "to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many "an agreeable reverie through thoſe woods and downs "where we once rambled together: my head is ſome-"times at the Bath, and ſometimes at Letcomb, "where the Dean makes a great part of my imagi-"nary entertainment; this being the cheapeſt way "of treating me, I hope he will not be diſpleaſed at "this manner of paying my reſpects to him, inſtead "of following my friend Jervas' example, which, to "ſay the truth, I have as much inclination to do as "I want ability. I have been ever ſince December "laſt in greater variety of buſineſs than any ſuch "man as you (that is, divines and philoſophers) can "poſſibly imagine a reaſonable creature capable of. "Gay's play, among the reſt, has coſt much time "and long-ſuffering, to ſtem a tide of malice and "party that certain authors have raiſed againſt it. "The beſt revenge upon ſuch fellows is now in my "hands; I mean your Zoilus, which really tranſcends "the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put "it into the preſs, beginning with the poem Batra-"chom; for you ſeem, by the firſt paragraph of the "Dedication to it, to deſign to prefix the name of

" ſome particular perſon. I beg, therefore, to know " for whom you intend it, that the publication may " not be delayed on this account; and this as ſoon " as is poſſible. Inform me, alſo, upon what terms I " am to deal with the bookſeller, and whether you " deſign the *copy-money for Gay*, as you formerly " talked; what number of books you would have " yourſelf, *&c.* I ſcarce ſee any thing to be altered " in this whole piece. In the Poems you ſent I will " take the liberty you allow me. The ſtory of Pan-" dora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the " moſt beautiful things I ever read. I don't ſay this " to the prejudice of the reſt, but as I have read theſe " oftener. Let me know how far my commiſſion is to " extend, and be confident of my punctual perfor-" mance of whatever you enjoin. I muſt add a pa-" ragraph on this occaſion in regard to Mr Ward, " whoſe verſes have been a great pleaſure to me: I " will contrive they ſhall be ſo to the world, when-" ever I can find a proper opportunity of publiſh-" ing them.

" I ſhall very ſoon print an entire collection of my " own Madrigals, which I look upon as making my " laſt will and teſtament, ſince in it I ſhall give all I " ever intend to give, (which I'll beg your's and the " Dean's acceptance of) you muſt look on me no more " a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his " own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope, before

"I die, to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and "get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for "an annuity for my own time, though I leave no- "thing to posterity.

"I beg our correspondence may be more frequent "than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and "love for you never more deserved it from you, or "more prompted it from you. I desired our friend "Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say "a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the "Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to "you both of an unchanging friendship and unalter- "able esteem. I am, Dear Sir, most entirely

"Your affectionate,

"faithful, obliged friend and servant,

"A. POPE."

It is apparent from these letters of Pope to Parnell, that our Author was a benevolent and sincere man. He was studious that his friends should always see him to the best advantage; for when he felt the approaches of spleen and uneasiness, to which he was liable, and which sometimes persecuted him for weeks together, he returned with expedition to the remoter parts of Ireland, and there indulged in the gloomy satisfaction of exhibiting hideous paintings of the solitude to which he had retired. Scarce a bog in his

neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and ſcarce a mountain rear'd its head unſung.* And hence, replies Pope, in anſwer to one of theſe dreary deſcriptions from Parnell, " We are both miſerably enough ſitu- " ated, God knows; but of the two evils I think the " ſolitudes of the ſouth are to be preferred to the " deſerts of the weſt."

What Parnell permitted the world to ſee of his life was ſplendid, his fortune being very conſiderable; the fact, however, is, that he lived to the extent of it, and his expenſes exceeding his annual income, his ſucceſſor found the eſtate ſomewhat impaired at his deceaſe. It was the practice of our Author, on collecting his yearly revenues, to ſet out for England, there to enjoy the company of his friends, and laugh at the more prudent part of the world employed in purſuits after wealth. Thoſe ſelect friends were Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Jervas. Lord Oxford was alſo among the number of Parnell's intimate friends, whom Pope has complimented on the delicacy of his choice in the following elegant lines:

> For him thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
> Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend;
> For Swift and him deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
> The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
> Dext'rous the craving fawning crowd to quit,
> And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.

The Scriblerus Club, of which Swift, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Jervas, together with our Author,

were the principal members, wrote many things in conjunction, and Gay uſually held the pen : but there is ſomething feeble and quaint in all their attempts, as if company repreſſed thought, and genius wanted ſolitude for its boldeſt and happieſt exertions. Of thoſe performances in which Parnell had the principal ſhare, that of the Origin of the Sciences from the monkies in Ethiopia is particularly mentioned by Pope himſelf in ſome manuſcript anecdotes which he left behind him. The life of Homer, as prefixed to Pope's tranſlation of the Iliad, is the work of Parnell, but corrected by the tranſlator, who aſſures the world the corrections were not effected without great labour. Parnell's proſe writings teem with imagination, and ſhew great learning, but they want that ſweetneſs and eaſe for which his poetry is ſo much diſtinguiſhed.

There have been few poetical ſocieties more talked of, or that have produced a greater variety of whimſical conceits, than this of the Scriblerus Club, the members of which, when in Town, were ſeldom aſunder. Swift was uſually the butt of the company, and if a trick was intended, it was generally at the expenſe of the Dean of St. Patrick's. The whole party once agreed to walk to the houſe of Lord B——, whoſe ſeat is about a dozen miles from Town; and as it was agreed by all that each ſhould make the beſt of his way, Swift, who was a remarkable walker, ſoon

left his friends behind him, fully refolved, upon his arrival, as was his cuftom, to make choice of the very beft bed for himfelf. Parnell, determined to fruftrate his intended fcheme, mounting on horfeback, arrived at Lord B——'s by another road, long before Swift. Having apprifed his Lordfhip of the Dean's defign, it was refolved at all events to keep him out of the houfe, but how to effect this was the queftion. Swift, who never had the fmall-pox, dreaded catching that diforder; as foon, therefore, as he appeared ftriding along at fome diftance from the houfe, a meffenger was difpatched to inform him that the fmall-pox raged with great violence in the family, but that there was a fummer-houfe, with a field-bed in it, at his fervice, at the end of the garden. There the difappointed Dean retired, and fupped on a cold collation fent him from the houfe, while the reft were feafting within. At laft, compaffionating his fituation, he was permitted to join the company, on promife never to chufe the beft bed in future.

How long the Scriblerus Club continued is not eafy to determine; but as the whole of Parnell's poetical exiftence was not of more than eight or ten years' duration, his firft excurfion to England being about the 1706, and he dying in the 1718, it is probable the Club began with him, and that his death put a period to its exiftence: for fuch was the feftivity of his converfation, the benevolence of his heart, and

the generofity of his temper, qualities that tend to cement any fociety, that his lofs could hardly be replaced. Thus, in the fpace of a very few years, Parnell attained a fhare of fame equal to what moft of his cotemporaries acquired in a long life.

The death of his wife, it is faid, was a ftroke upon our Author which he was unable to fupport; from which period he could never venture to court the Mufe in folitude, where he was fure to find the image of her who firft infpired his attempts. During his laft years he therefore became more and more folicitous of company, and could fcarcely fupport the thoughts of being alone. He began to throw himfelf into every company, and to feek from wine if not relief, at leaft infenfibility. Thofe helps that forrow firft called in for affiftance habit foon rendered neceffary; and he fell in fome meafure a martyr to conjugal fidelity before the fortieth year of his age.

Parnell is only to be confidered as a Poet, and the univerfal efteem in which his Poems are held, and the reiterated pleafure they give in the perufal, are fufficient evidences of their merit. His poetical language is not lefs correct than his fubjects are pleafing. He is ever happy in the felection of his images, and fcrupuloufly careful in the choice of his fubjects. His writings bear no refemblance to thofe tawdry things which it has for fome time been the fafhion to admire, in writing which the poet fits down without any

plan, and heaps up ſplendid images without any ſelection. Our Poet gives out his beauties with a ſparing hand; he is ſtill carrying his reader forward, and juſt gives him refreſhment ſufficient to ſupport him to his journey's end. At the end of his courſe the reader regrets that his way has been ſo ſhort; he wonders that it gave him ſo little trouble, and ſo reſolves to go the journey over again: for, to uſe the words of the celebrated Mr. Hume—Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as freſh as at the firſt.

Parnell appears to be the laſt of that great ſchool that had modelled itſelf upon the Ancients, and taught Engliſh poetry to reſemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A ſtudious and correct obſerver of Antiquity, he ſet himſelf to conſider Nature with the lights it lent him, and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he reſembled the other. To copy Nature is a taſk the moſt bungling workman is able to execute; to ſelect ſuch parts as contribute to delight is reſerved only for thoſe whom accident has bleſſed with uncommon talents, or ſuch as have read the Ancients with indefatigable induſtry.

The Poems publiſhed in the different Miſcellanies by Parnell, during his life, were after his death collected into one volume, and publiſhed by Pope, to which he prefixed an elegant copy of verſes to Lord Oxford, already mentioned. Beſides theſe Parnell

had written a number of other Poems, moſtly on ſubjects moral and divine, which were afterwards publiſhed under the title of *Poſthumous Works*, having an advertiſement prefixed, which includes an atteſtation by the late Dean Swift as to the authenticity of the Poems. The whole Poems of Parnell, therefore, as well thoſe publiſhed by Pope, as thoſe comprehended under the title of his Poſthumous Works, are included in the preſent edition. As his Pieces are numerous, and on different ſubjects, it would ſwell this Narrative beyond the preſcribed limits to give ſtrictures on their reſpective merits; but the whole have ever been allowed to be good, and the greater part of that whole excellent.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT,

EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL MORTIMER.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till Death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! juſt beheld and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts, adorn'd!
Bleſs'd in each ſcience! bleſs'd in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe, to Harley dear—in vain!
For him thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend;
For Swift and him deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous the craving fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;
Who careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine;

A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made,
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all the oblig'd deſert, and all the vain,
She waits or to the ſcaffold or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewell:
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

Sept. 25. 1721. A. POPE.

ANACREONTICS.

ANACREONTIC I.

When ſpring came on with freſh delight,
To cheer the ſoul and charm the ſight,
While eaſy breezes, ſofter rain,
And warmer ſuns, ſalute the plain,
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where'er ſhe trod 'twas green beneath;
Where'er ſhe turn'd the pulſes beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
Rais'd on a bank, where daiſies grew,
And vi'lets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy ſhe went to find;
A thouſand Pleaſures wait behind;
Aſide a thouſand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.
When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,
Conſpir'd to make the ſcene be gay;

Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them ſing to Love;
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, ſing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the ſhafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'Tis thus, when ſpring renews the blood,
They meet in ev'ry trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry dart can boaſt a kind,
Which ſuits each proper turn of mind.
From the tow'ring eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together by the ſparrow ſtung,
Down fall the wanton and the young;
And fledg'd by geeſe the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove.

"And ſee," ſays Love, (who call'd me near)
"How much I deal with Nature here,
"How both ſupport a proper part,
"She gives the feather, I the dart:
"Then ceaſe for ſouls averſe to ſigh,
"If Nature croſs ye, ſo do I;
"My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
"And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the ſkies:
"But if the mutual charms I find
"By which ſhe links you mind to mind,
"They wing my ſhafts, I poize the darts,
"And ſtrike from both through both your hearts."

ANACREONTIC II.

GAY Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's wine,
A noble meal beſpoke us,
And for the gueſts that were to dine
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus Jocus plac'd,
For wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly god,
Each ſweet engaging Grace

Put on ſome clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glaſs
A lady of the ſky,
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toſs'd his brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid they did ſo then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reck'ning his deceits,
And Cupid mock'd his ſtamm'ring tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jeſt,
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet 'em all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd ſing ye how they drunk like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray the Graces fly,
Who make 'em ſoon agree;
Nay, had the Furies' ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow,
But kept ſome darts to ſtir the cup
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' roſy crown,
And gaily wore the prize,
And thrice in mirth he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the myrtle grove
Where Venus did recline,
And Venus cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly curſing wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat,

Where boon companions gravely ſit
In fat unwieldy ſtate.

Bacchus and Jocus, ſtill behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare:
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time whoever hear
This our inſtructive ſong;
For tho' ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

ECLOGUES.

HEALTH.

AN ECLOGUE.

Now early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glitt'ring graſs;
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raiſe their wild muſic, thus contrives a ſong.
Here wafted o'er by mild Eteſian air,
Thou country goddeſs, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breaſt thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my Soul! I feel the goddeſs nigh,
The face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
The ſmiling daiſies blow beneath the ſun,
The brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,

The chirping birds from all the compafs rove,
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove;
High funny fummits, deeply fhaded dales,
Thick moffy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various profpect gratify the fight,
And fcatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country Goddefs! come; nor thou fuffice,
But bring thy mountain-fifter Exercife.
Call'd by thy lively voice fhe turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finifh'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, fhe fkims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horfes, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and mefhes loofely flote behind:
All thefe as means of toil the feeble fee,
But thefe are helps to pleafure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lie foft'ning till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the fult'ry town,
Unnerv'd with reft, and turn her own difeafe,
Or fofter others in luxurious eafe:
I mount the courfer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where ftags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And fhake the faplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And foar to feize, or ftooping ftrike, their prey;
To fnare the fifh I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.

'Tis thus thro' change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from ev'ry change.
Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
  Oh come, thou Goddeſs of my rural ſong!
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,
Clip low my hedges, and ſupport my flow'rs;
To welcome her this ſummer-ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe.
  Now friends converſing my ſoft hours refine,
And Tully's Tuſculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great;
Or o'er the works of eaſy Fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains,
Or Maro's Muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight;
Theſe ſoft amuſements bring content along,
And fancy, void of ſorrow, turns to ſong.
Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

THE FLIES.

AN ECLOGUE.

When in the river cows for coolneſs ſtand,
And ſheep for breezes ſeek the lofty land,
A youth (whom Æſop taught that ev'ry tree,
Each bird and inſect, ſpoke as well as he)
Walk'd calmly muſing in a ſhaded way,
Where flow'ring hawthorn broke the ſunny ray,
And thus inſtructs his moral pen to draw
A ſcene that obvious in the field he ſaw.
Near a low ditch, where ſhallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet,
Whoſe Naiads never prattle as they play,
But, ſcreen'd with hedges, ſlumber out the day,
There ſtands a ſlender fern's aſpiring ſhade,
Whoſe anſw'ring branches regularly laid
Put forth their anſw'ring boughs, and proudly riſe
Three ſtories upward in the nether ſkies.
For ſhelter here, to ſhun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the Flies retreat;
Some in ſoft air their ſilken pinions ply,
And ſome from bough to bough delighted fly;
Some riſe, and circling light to perch again,
A pleaſing murmur hums along the plain.
So when a ſtage invites to pageant ſhows,
(If great and ſmall are like) appear the beaux;

In boxes ſome with ſpruce pretention ſit,
Some change from ſeat to ſeat within the pit,
Some roam the ſcenes, or, turning, ceaſe to roam;
Preluding muſic fills the lofty dome.
  When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can ſay
Deſerves attention) rais'd the rural lay:
  " Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
" Joyful I flew by young Favonia's ſide,
" Who, mindleſs of the feaſting, went to ſip
" The balmy pleaſure of the ſhepherd's lip:
" I ſaw the wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
" And half reſolv'd to drown me in the cup,
" Till, bruſh'd by careleſs hands, ſhe ſoar'd above:
" Ceaſe, Beauty! ceaſe to vex a tender love."
  Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his muſic ſung:
  " When ſuns by thouſands ſhone in orbs of dew,
" I, wafted ſoft, with Zephyretta flew,
" Saw the clean pail, and ſought the milky cheer,
" While little Daphne ſeiz'd my roving dear.
" Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
" Yet ſat indulging as the danger came;
" But the kind huntreſs left her free to ſoar:
" Ah! guard, ye Lovers! guard a miſtreſs more."
  Thus from the fern, whoſe high-projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with duſky ſwarms,
The ſwains their love in eaſy muſic breathe,
When tongues and tumult ſtun the field beneath:

Black ants in teams come dark'ning all the road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant pains,
Preſs'd by the cumbrous weight of ſingle grains.
The Flies, ſtruck ſilent, gaze with wonder down;
The buſy burghers reach their earthy town,
Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry ſtore,
And thence unwearied part in ſearch of more:
Yet one grave ſage a moment's ſpace attends,
And the ſmall city's loftieſt point aſcends,
Wipes the ſalt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the graveſt grace:
“ Ye fooliſh Nurſlings of the ſummer air!
“ Theſe gentle tunes and whining ſongs forbear;
“ Your trees and whiſp'ring breeze, your grove and love,
“ Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove:
“ Let bards to buſineſs bend their vig'rous wing,
“ And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing;
“ Elſe when the flourets of the ſeaſon fail,
“ And this your ferny ſhade forſakes the vale,
“ Tho' one would ſave ye, not one grain of wheat
“ Should pay ſuch ſongſters idling at my gate.”
He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the May'r's ſpeech, and fell to ſing again.

SONGS.

SONG I.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky,
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your [heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

" There's a paſſion and pride
" In our ſex (ſhe reply'd)
" And thus (might I gratify both) I would do:
" Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
" But ſtill be a woman to you."

SONG II.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous ſwain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,

Who both his heart fubdue;
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eafy fhape and air
With fofter magic drew.

He haunts the ftream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And feems for each to die,
Till each a little fpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's fhape ran down,
And fhe Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the fhepherd find
Thofe eyes which Love could only blind,
So fet the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or ftream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

" Ah, Cælia! (fly Sabina cry'd)
" Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;
" Now to fupport the fex's pride,
" Let either fix the dart."
" Poor Girl! (fays Cælia) fay no more;
" For fhould the fwain but one adore,
" That fpite which broke his chains before
" Would break the other's heart."

SONG III.

My days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or aſk the flying gales if e'er
I lent one ſigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye Nightingales! ye twiſting Pines!
Ye Swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle Echoes! breezy Winds!
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate
As much as of despair,
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress,
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

HYMNS.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe?
  Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate to meet thee there.
Increaſing Avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold enſhrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks, amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart, which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)

Amuſing thought, but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky;
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely laſting Peace! appear;
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And, loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the Grace:
When thus ſhe ſpoke——" Go rule thy wilſ,
" Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill;
" Know God—and bring thy heart to know
" The joys which from religion flow;
" Then ev'ry Grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
" And I'll be there to crown the reſt."
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,

Might I thus my ſoul employ
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy,
Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r,
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my ſight
With all the colours of delight,
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear and court my ſong,
I'll lift my voice and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great Source of Nature! ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way
To light the world and give the day,
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light,
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night,
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves,
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me;
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

A HYMN FOR MORNING.

SEE, the ſtar that leads the day
Riſing ſhoots a golden ray,
To make the ſhades of darkneſs go
From heav'n above and earth below,
And warn us early with the ſight
To leave the beds of ſilent night,
From an heart ſincere and ſound,
From its very deepeſt ground,
Send Devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat, to reach the ſky.
See the time for ſleep has run,
Riſe before or with the ſun,
Lift thine hands, and humbly pray
The Fountain of eternal day,
That as the light ſerenely fair
Illuſtrates all the tracts of air,
The ſacred Spirit ſo may reſt
With quick'ning beams upon thy breaſt,
And kindly clean it all within
From darker blemiſhes of ſin,
And ſhine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care,
From the lap of Night it ſprings
With heaps of bus'neſs on its wings;

Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows ſubmiſſively reſign'd,
That would to works appointed fall,
And knows that God has order'd all.
And whether with a ſmall repaſt
We break the ſober morning faſt,
Or in our thoughts and houſes lay
The future methods of the day,
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our bus'neſs, with induſtrious feet,
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory ſtill be kept in view.
O Giver of eternal bliſs!
Heav'nly Father! grant me this,
Grant it all as well as me,
All whoſe hearts are fix'd on thee,
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy ſacred Spirit love.

A HYMN FOR NOON.

THE ſun is ſwiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the ſouthern ſky,
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father! alſo with thy fire
Warm the cold the dead deſire,

And make the ſacred love of thee
Within my ſoul a ſun to me:
Let it ſhine ſo fairly bright,
That nothing elſe be took for light,
That worldly charms be ſeen to fade,
And in its luſtre find a ſhade:
Let it ſtrongly ſhine within,
To ſcatter all the clouds of ſin,
That drive when guſts of paſſion riſe,
And intercept it from our eyes:
Let its glory more than vie
With the ſun that lights the ſky:
Let it ſwiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there,
And ſoar with more aſpiring flight
To realms of everlaſting light.
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wiſh to live with thee,
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my ſoul I ſend my pray'r,
Great Creator! bow thine ear;
Thou, for whoſe propitious ſway
The world was taught to ſee the day,
Who ſpake the word, and earth begun,
And ſhew'd its beauties in the ſun,
With pleaſure I thy creatures view,
And would with good affection too,

Good affection ſweetly free,
Looſe from them, and move to thee:
O teach me due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live!
And then my days ſhall ſhine the more,
Or paſs more bleſſed than before.

A HYMN FOR EVENING.

The beam-repelling miſts ariſe,
And ev'ning ſpreads obſcurer ſkies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itſelf be ſoon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow
And pray the Lord of glory now
To fill thy breaſt, or deadly ſin
May cauſe a blinder night within.
And whether pleaſing vapours riſe,
Which gently dim the cloſing eyes,
Which makes the weary members bleſt
With ſweet refreſhment in their reſt,
Or whether ſpirits in the brain
Diſpel their ſoft embrace again,
And on my watchful bed I ſtay,
Forſook by ſleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forſake me too;

But ſtill as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light,
His wondrous bounty let me find
With ſtill a more enlighten'd mind.
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me,
Grace that will from heav'n inſpire,
Love that ſeals it in deſire,
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increaſing flames.
Thou that haſt thy palace far
Above the moon and every ſtar,
Thou that ſitteſt on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice, and make me bleſt,
By kindly granting its requeſt.
If thoughts on thee my ſoul employ,
My darkneſs will afford me joy,
Till thou ſhalt call and I ſhall ſoar,
And part with darkneſs evermore.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE.

To praiſe, yet ſtill with due reſpect to praiſe,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays;
The learn'd to ſhow, the ſenſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require?
What muſic tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhouldſt not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the critic well;
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream;
On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair!
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the fair;
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Egypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims deſcend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chimic fool:

But know, ye Fair! a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The Graces ſtand in ſight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the ſcene.
  In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldeſt wits,
Enſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits,
And ſits in meaſures ſuch as Virgil's Muſe,
To place thee near him, might be fond to chuſe:
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the prize?
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia! hail:
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head;
Still ſlide thy waters ſoft among the trees,
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze;
Smile all thy vallies in eternal ſpring;
Be huſh'd, ye Winds! while Pope and Virgil ſing.
  In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;

In all the majeſty of Greek retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When chok'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, " The mines were here;"
Should ſome rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry muſic varies in thy lines!
Still as I read I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
When Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle, bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt;
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread!
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound,
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground,
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, oh far! from thee,

Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſide, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Eaſe,
A friend delight me, and an author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, while Pope ſupplies the theme
Show my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

On her tranſlation of the ſtory of

PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE, FROM OVID.

In Phœbus Wit (as Ovid ſaid)
Enchanting Beauty woo'd;
In Daphne Beauty coily fled,
While vainly Wit purſu'd.

But when you trace what Ovid writ,
A diff'rent turn we view;
Beauty no longer flies from Wit,
Since both are join'd in you.

Your lines the wondrous change impart
From whence our laurels ſpring,
In numbers fram'd to pleaſe the heart,
And merit what they ſing.

Methinks thy Poet's gentle ſhade
Its wreath preſents to thee;
What Daphne owes you as a maid,
She pays you as a tree.

MISCELLANIES.

HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

What ancient times (thoſe times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long record of Woman's riſe,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In Greece they fram'd the tale,
(In Greece 'twas thought a Woman might be frail.)
Ye modern Beauties! where the poet drew
His ſofteſt pencil, think he dream'd of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens! beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The caſe was Heſiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, ſome with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies pleaſe;
I wave the conteſt, and commence the lays.
In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation ſwarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, ſprung of heav'nly birth,
(Our author's ſong can witneſs) liv'd on earth:

He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And ſtole from Jove his animating flame;
The ſly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the ſtars began.
"Oh verſ'd in arts! whoſe daring thoughts aſpire
"To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
"Enjoy thy glory paſt, that gift was thine;
"The next thy creature meets be fairly mine:
"And ſuch a gift, a vengeance ſo deſign'd,
"As ſuits the counſel of a god to find;
"A pleaſing boſom-cheat, a ſpecious ill,
"Which felt they curſe, yet covet ſtill to feel."
He ſaid, and Vulcan ſtraight the ſire commands
To temper mortar with ethereal hands;
In ſuch a ſhape to mould a riſing fair,
As virgin-goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water ſhine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the ſire ordain'd; the pow'r obey'd,
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt, frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem, to breathe!
As Vulcan ends the cheerful queen of charms
Claſp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion ſpread,
Where mingled whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter red;
Then in a kiſs ſhe breath'd her various arts
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;

A mind for love, but ftill a changing mind,
The lifp affected, and the glance defign'd;
The fweet confufing blufh, the fecret wink,
The gentle-fwimming walk, the courteous fink;
The ftare for ftrangenefs fit, for fcorn the frown,
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practis'd languifh, where well-feign'd defire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay fmiles to comfort, April fhow'rs to move,
And all the nature, all the art, of love.
 Gold-fceptred Juno next exalts the fair,
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crefted pride,
Strong fov'reign will, and fome defire to chide;
For which an eloquence that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger arms the fex.
 Minerva (fkilful goddefs) train'd the maid
To twirl the fpindle by the twifting thread,
To fix the loom, inftruct the reeds to part,
Crofs the long weft, and clofe the web with art;
An ufeful gift; but what profufe expenfe,
What world of fafhions, took its rife from hence!
 Young Hermes next, a clofe-contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his ferpent rod;
Then plots and fair excufes fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain,
The price of favours, the defigning arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;

And for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilf'ring temper of a wife.
Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond perſuaſion tipp'd her eaſy tongue;
He gave her words where oily flatt'ry lays
The pleaſing colours of the art of praiſe;
And wit, to ſcandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's ſpleen to cure its own.
Thoſe ſacred virgins whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and ſhed a ſweetneſs there,
To make her ſenſe with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonſenſe pleaſe by ſound.
To dreſs the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on ev'ry cover play'd;
Then ſpread thoſe implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the cloſe-indented comb,
To call the locks that lightly wander home,
And, chief, the mirrour, where the raviſh'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected ſhade.
Fair Flora lent her ſtores, the purpled Hours
Confin'd her treſſes with a wreath of flow'rs;
Within the wreath aroſe a radiant crown,
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with ſerpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.

Her robe (which cloſely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a ſlender waſte)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' ſtatues have a robe to wear.

The new-ſprung creature, finiſh'd thus for harms,
Adjuſts her habit, practiſes her charms,
With bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively ſmiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles;
Then conſcious of her worth, with eaſy pace
Glides by the glaſs, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' Time's deep cave the Siſter Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic ſongs deceive.

" Flow from the rock, my Flax! and ſwiftly flow,
" Purſue thy thread, the ſpindle runs below:
" A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
" The creature Woman, riſes now to reign:
" New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
" New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
" New parts diſtreſs the troubled ſcenes of life,
" The fondling miſtreſs and the ruling wife.

" Men, born to labour, all with pains provide,
" Women have time to ſacrifice to pride;
" They want the care of man, their want they know,
" And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring ſhow;
" The ſhow prevailing, for the ſway contend,
" And make a ſervant where they meet a friend.

"Thus in a thouſand wax-erected forts
"A loitering race the painful bee ſupports;
"From ſun to ſun, from bank to bank, he flies,
"With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
"Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
"Prune the ſilk dreſs, and murm'ring eat the gain.
"Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
"Whoſe temper betters by the father's ſide;
"Unlike the reſt that double human care,
"Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:
"Happy the man whom thus his ſtars advance!
"The curſe is gen'ral, but the bleſſing chance."
Thus ſung the Siſters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end;
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the ſpring
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining vengeance ſafe below:
A golden coffer in her hand ſhe bore,
(The preſent treach'rous, but the bearer more)
'Twas fraught with pangs, for Jove ordain'd above
That gold ſhould aid, and pangs attend on Love.
Her gay deſcent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring, he run to catch the falling ſtar;
But ſo ſurpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.

O'er all his veins the wand'ring paſſion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry nymph by turns:
Her form to lovely Venus' he prefers,
Or ſwears that Venus' muſt be ſuch as her's.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his offers while her airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful glances from the bended frown,
In briſk diſorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careleſs tune to lay the ſtorm,
And ſits and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields in form.
"Now take, what Jove deſign'd, (ſhe ſoftly cry'd)
"This box thy portion, and myſelf thy bride."
Fir'd with the proſpect of the double charms,
He ſnatch'd the box and bride with eager arms.
Unhappy man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone,
The fatal gift, her tempting ſelf, unknown!
The winds were ſilent, all the waves aſleep,
And heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring deep;
But whilſt he looks, unmindful of a ſtorm,
And thinks the water wears a ſtable form,
What dreadful din around his ears ſhall riſe!
What frowns confuſe his picture of the ſkies!
At firſt the creature man was fram'd alone
Lord of himſelf, and all the world his own;
For him the Nymphs in green forſook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forſook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the ſecret cave;

No care deſtroy'd, no ſick diſorder prey'd,
No bending age his ſprightly form decay'd;
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And poets tell us 'twas a Golden Age.
  When Woman came, thoſe ills the box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the wind;
From point to point, from pole to pole, they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progreſs grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a ſickly face:
New terms of folly roſe, new ſtates of care,
New plagues, to ſuffer and to pleaſe the fair!
The days of whining and of wild intrigues
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd with the breach of leagues;
The mean deſigns of well-diſſembled love,
The ſordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad the labour, and at home the noiſe,
(Man's double ſuff'rings for domeſtic joys)
The curſe of jealouſy, expenſe and ſtrife,
Divorce, the publick brand of ſhameful life;
The rival's ſword, the qualm that takes the fair,
Diſdain for paſſion, paſſion in deſpair——
Theſe, and a thouſand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah, fear the thouſand yet unnam'd behind!
  Thus on Parnaſſus tuneful Heſiod ſung,
The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,
The ſacred groves a fix'd attention ſhow,
The cryſtal Helicon forbore to flow,

The ſky grew bright, and (if his verſe be true)
The Muſes came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love ſwore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended! hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Tho' when it happen'd no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five-and-twenty years.

Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted ſhade
The neighb'ring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for am'rous play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Mileſian, kind Evanthe ſhe;
But ſwelling Nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the ſecrets of the conſcious bow'r;
The dire diſgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her ſteps to make its author known.

It chanc'd one ev'ning, ('twas the lovers' day)
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay,
When Heſiod wand'ring, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his ſeat where Love had fix'd the ſcene:
A ſtrong ſuſpicion ſtraight poſſeſt their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind)
But when Evanthe near the paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and ſhot the wood;
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward,"
And, urg'd with erring rage, aſſault the bard.

His corpſe the ſea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corpſe to ſhore.
Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And ſee the dreams of ancient Wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the Muſes round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with inſulting hand,
And thus inſcribes the moral on the ſand;
"Here Heſiod lies: ye future Bards! beware
"How far your moral tales incenſe the fair:
"Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
"Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed:
"He judg'd this turn of malice juſtly due,
"And Heſiod dy'd for joys he never knew.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well;
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe,
That Vice ſhould triumph, Virtue Vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm Nature's image on its watry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow;
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books or ſwains report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell: the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;

Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
  The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father! hail," he cry'd;
And, "Hail, my Son!" the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
  Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober gray;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home;
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
And but the landlord none had cauſe of woe:
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer-ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the Sire, when far upon the road
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;

A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſkud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt;
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
In one ſo rich a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?

But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place
In every ſettling feature of his face,
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh:
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great,
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:

Their greeting fair, beftow'd with modeft guife,
The courteous mafter hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
"To him who gives us all I yield a part;
"From him you come, for him accept it here,
"A frank and fober, more than coftly, cheer."
He fpoke, and bid the welcome table fpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houfehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and clofe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repofe,
Was ftrong for toil, the dappled Morn arofe;
Before the pilgrims part the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant flept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ftrange return! grew black, and gafp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only fon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in funder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more affault his heart.
Confus'd, and ftruck with filence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with fpeed.
His fteps the youth purfues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a fervant fhow'd the way:
A river crofs'd the path; the paffage o'er
Was nice to find; the fervant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge fupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead!
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Deteſted Wretch!"—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surpriſe in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
"Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life, to vice unknown,
"In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
"Theſe charms ſucceſs in our bright region find,
"And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
"For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky:
"Nay, ceaſe to kneel—thy fellow-ſervant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
"And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
"The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
"In this the right of Providence is laid;
"Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
"On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
"'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
"The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
"Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
"And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
"What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe
"Than thoſe which lately ſtrook thy wond'ring eyes?
"Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th'Almighty juſt,
"And where you can't unriddle learn to truſt.
"The great vain man who far'd on coſtly food,
"Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good,
"Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
"And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
"Has with the cup the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
"And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
"The mean ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
"Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor,
"With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
"That Heav'n can bleſs if mortals will be kind.
"Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
"And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
"Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
"With heaping coals of fire upon its head;

"In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
"And looſe from droſs the ſilver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
"But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
"(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
"And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
"To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
"But God to ſave the father took the ſon.
"To all but thee in fits he ſeem'd to go,
"(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)
"The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
"Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
"Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back:
"This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
"And what a fund of charity would fail!
"Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
"Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more."
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high*
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's iſle and Arthur's days,
When midnight Faeries daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Tho' badly ſhap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift it ſelf above;
Yet ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my ſong)
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchaunted court,
Where ſportive Faeries made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſt,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town:
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground;
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds encreaſe,
And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come pranckling o'er the place.

But (truft me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a mafquing half fo neat,
Or half fo rich before;
The country lent the fweet perfumes,
The fea the pearl, the fky the plumes,
The town its filken ftore.

Now whilft he gaz'd a gallant, dreft
In flaunting robes above the reft,
With awfull accent cry'd;
" What mortall of a wretched mind,
" Whofe fighs infect the balmy wind,
" Has here prefum'd to hide ?"

At this the fwain, whofe vent'rous foul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open fight:
" Nor have I caufe of dreed," he faid,
" Who view (by no prefumption led)
" Your revels of the night.

" 'Twas grief, for fcorn of faithful love,
" Which made my fteps unweeting rove
" Amid the nightly dew."
" 'Tis well," the gallant cries again;
" We Faeries never injure men
" Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
" Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
" To make thee grief reſign :
" Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce,
" Whilſt I with Mab, my part'ner, daunce,
" Be little Mable thine."

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſick flotes in wanton air ;
The monarch leads the Queen :
The reſt their Faerie partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made
As heart and lip deſire ;
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But now, to pleaſe the Faerie King,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antick feats deviſe ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes :

Till one, at laſt, that Robin hight,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
Has hent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To ſpraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverſe my charm," he crys,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice
"The gambol has been ſhown."
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
"The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantome play,
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dy;
Poōr Edwin falls to floor:
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſicke a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Han ride him of the lump behind
Which made him want ſuccefs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a-dauncing as he walks;
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erſt approv'd)
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall:
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The Faeries bragly foot the floor,
And muſick fills the hall.

But certes, ſorely ſunk with woe,
Sir Topaz ſees the Elfin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him dy;
When Oberon cries, " A man is near,
" A mortall paſſion, cleeped Fear,
" Hangs flagging in the ſky."

With that Sir Topaz (hapleſs youth !)
In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt.

" Ah, Loſell vile!" at once they roar,
" And little ſkill'd of Faerie lore,
" Thy cauſe to come we know:
" Now has thy keſtrell courage fell,
" And Faeries, ſince a ly you tell,
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoiſe in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
They skriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight;
For never spell by Faerie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
" Thus some are born, my Son, (she cries)
" With base impediments to rise,
" And some are born with none.

"But Virtue can it ſelf advance
"To what the fav'rite fools of Chance
"By Fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;
"Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
"And from it ſelf ſhake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the time of Julius Cæſar, and by ſome aſcribed to Catullus.

" Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
" Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
The ſpring, the new, the warb'ling ſpring, appears,
The youthful ſeaſon of reviving years.
In ſpring the Loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chuſe their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with deſcending rain,
And dreſs'd in diff'ring greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's Empreſs roves
Thro' walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the ſhooting myrtle into bow'rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
Then rais'd ſublimely on her eaſy throne,
From Nature's pow'rful dictates draws her own.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
" Quique amavit cras amet."
Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis eſt,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam reſolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta ſublimi throno.

"Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
"Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
'Twas on that day which ſaw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celeſtial blood;
Wand'ring in circles ſtood the finny crew,
The midſt was left a void expanſe of blue,
There parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione roſe.
"Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
"Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
She paints the purple year with vary'd ſhow,
Tips the green gem, and makes the bloſſom glow:
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and ſhade the naked trees:
When gath'ring damps the miſty nights diffuſe,
She ſprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;

"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
"Quique amavit cras amet."
Tunc liquore de ſuperno, ſpumeo ponti e globo,
Cærulas inter catervas, inter et bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.
"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
"Quique amavit cras amet."
Ipſa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
Ipſa ſurgentis papillas de Favonî ſpiritu,
Urguet in toros tepentes; ipſa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, ſpargit umentis aquas,

Bright trembling pearls depend at ev'ry ſpray,
And, kept from falling, ſeem to fall away:
A gloſſy freſhneſs hence the roſe receives,
And bluſhes ſweet through all her ſilken leaves;
(The drops deſcending through the ſilent night,
While ſtars ſerenely roll their golden light)
Cloſe till the morn her humid veil ſhe holds,
Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds.
Soon will the morning bluſh; ye Maids! prepare,
In roſy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant; the blood fair Venus ſhed
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From Love's ſoft kiſs a ſweet ambroſial ſmell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light
The richeſt luſtre makes her purple bright,
And ſhe to-morrow weds; the ſporting gale
Unties her zone, ſhe burſts the verdant veil:

Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.
Gutta præceps orbe parvo ſuſtinet caſus ſuos.
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
Umor ille, quem ſerenis aſtra rorant noctibus.
Mane virgines papillas ſolvit umenti peplo.
Ipſa juſſit mane ut udæ virgines nubant roſæ
Fuſæ prius de cruore deque amoris oſculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque ſolis purpuris.

Thro' all her ſweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes her glowing fires ariſe.
"Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
"Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and ſends her tender Love.
And ſhall they venture? is it ſafe to go?
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver uſeleſs hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unſtrung:
And yet, ye Nymphs! beware, his eyes have charms,
And Love that's naked ſtill is Love in arms.

Cras ruborum qui latebat veſte tectus ignea,
Unica marito nodo non pudebit ſolvere.
"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
"Quique amavit cras amet."
Ipſa Nimfas Diva luco juſſit ire myrteo
Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi poteſt
Eſſe Amorem feriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.
Ite Nimfæ: poſuit arma, feriatus eſt Amor.
Juſſus eſt inermis ire, nudus ire juſſus eſt:
Neu quid arcu, neu ſagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen cavete Nimfæ, quod Cupido pulcher eſt:
Totus eſt inermis idem, quando nudus eſt amor.

" Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
" Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
From Venus' bow'r to Delia's lodge repair,
A virgin train, complete with modeſt airs:
" Chaſte Delia! grant our ſuit; or ſhun the wood,
" Nor ſtain this ſacred lawn with ſavage blood.
" Venus, O Delia! if ſhe could perſuade,
" Would aſk thy preſence, might ſhe aſk a maid?"
Here cheerful quires for three auſpicious nights
With ſongs prolong the pleaſurable rites:
Here crowds in meaſures lightly-decent rove,
Or ſeek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets ſtrow the ſcenes of love:
Here dancing Ceres ſhakes her golden ſheaves;
Here Bacchus revels, deckt with viny leaves;

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
" Quique amavit cras amet."
Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.
Una res eſt quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,
Ut nemus ſit incruentum de ferinis ſtragibus.
Ipſa vellet ut venires, ſi deceret virginem:
Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus:
Congreges inter catervas ire par ſaltus tuos,
Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter caſas.
Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus abſunt, nec poetarum Deus;

Here Wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,
Wakes all the raviſh'd hours with ſilver ſound.
Ye Fields! ye Foreſts! own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntreſs Delia, ſhun the plain.
" Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
" Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear,
And there preſides; and there the fav'rite band
(Her ſmiling Graces) ſhare the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dreſs thy flow'ry beds
With all the pride the laviſh ſeaſon ſheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance, yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the preſence of the gentle court,
From ev'ry quarter rural nymphs reſort,

Decinent et tota nox eſt pervigila cantibus.
Regnet in ſilvis Dione: tu recede Delia.
" Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
" Quique amavit cras amet."
Juſſit Hiblæis tribunal ſtare diva floribus.
Præſens ipſa jura dicit, adſederunt Gratiæ.
Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.
Hibla florum rumpe veſtem, quantus Ænnæ campus eſt.
Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

Fromwoods,from mountains,from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing Queen
In circles ſeats them round the bank of green;
And," Lovely Girls (ſhe whiſpers) guard your hearts,
" My boy, tho' ſtript of arms, abounds in arts."
" Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
" Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
Let tender graſs in ſhaded alleys ſpread,
Let early flow'rs erect their painted head:
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow ſeen,
That day old Ether wedded Earth in green;
The Vernal Father bid the ſpring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The ſap deſcending o'er her boſom ran,
And all the various ſorts of ſoul began.

Quæque ſilvas,quæque lucos,quæque montes incolunt.
Juſſit omnis adſidere pueri mater alitas,
Juſſit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.
" Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
" Quique amavit cras amet."
Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.
Cras erat qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,
Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus
In ſinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,
Ut fœtus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.

By wheels unknown to fight, by fecret veins
Diftilling life, the fruitful goddefs reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land and circling fea,
With fertile feed fhe fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the myftic ways of birth.
" Let thofe love now who never lov'd before;
" Let thofe who always lov'd now love the more."
'Twas fhe the parent to the Latian fhore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore:
She won Lavinia for her warlike fon,
And winning her the Latian empire won:
She gave to Mars the maid whofe honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome:
Decoy'd by fhows, the Sabin dames fhe led,
And taught our vig'rous youth the means to wed:

Ipfa venas atque mentem permeante fpiritu
Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,
Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum fubdi-
Pervium fui tenorem feminali tramite [tum,
Imbuit, juffitque mundum noffe nafcendi vias.
" Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
" Quique amavit cras amet."
Ipfa Trojanos nepotes in Latino tranftulit;
Ipfa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit:
Moxque Marti de facello dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipfa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,

Hence ſprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæſar draws his Julian line.
"Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
"Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
In rural ſeats the ſoul of pleaſure reigns,
The life of beauty fills the rural ſcenes;
Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew firſt the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleaſing meadow pregnant Beauty preſt,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breaſt,
From Nature's ſweets he ſipp'd the fragrant dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew.
"Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
"Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."
Now bulls o'er ſtalks of broom extend their ſides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides:

Unde Rames et Quirites, proque prole poſterûm
Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæſarem.
"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
"Quique amavit cras amet."
Rura fœcundat voluptas: rura Venerem ſentiunt.
Ipſe Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipſa ſuſcepit ſinu,
Ipſa florum delicatis educavit oſculis.
"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
"Quique amavit cras amet."
Ecce, jam ſuper geniſtas explicant tauri latus.

Now ſtately rams their fleecy conſorts lead,
While bleating follow thro' the wand'ring ſhade;
And now the goddeſs bids the birds appear,
Raiſe all their muſic, and ſalute the year:
Then deep the ſwan begins, and deep the ſong
Runs o'er the water where he ſails along:
While Philomela tunes a treble ſtrain,
And from the poplar charms the liſt'ning plain,
We fancy love expreſs'd at ev'ry note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat:
Of barb'rous Tereus ſhe complains no more,
But ſings for pleaſure, as for grief before;
And ſtill her graces riſe, her airs extend,
And all is ſilence till the Syren end.
How long in coming is my lovely Spring!
And when ſhall I, and when the ſwallow, ſing?
Sweet Philomela! ceaſe,—or here I ſit,
And ſilent loſe my rapt'rous hour of wit.

Quiſque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.
Et canoras non tacere Diva juſſit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco ſtagna cygni perſtrepunt,
Adſonat Terei puella ſubter umbram populi,
Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici muſico,
Et neges queri ſororem de marito barbaro.
Illa cantat: nos tacemus: quando ver venit meum?
Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere deſinam?

'Tis gone; the fit retires; the flames decay;
My tuneful Phœbus flies averſe away.
His own Amycle thus, as ſtories run,
But once was ſilent, and that once undone.
"Let thoſe love now who never lov'd before;
"Let thoſe who always lov'd now love the more."

Perdidi Muſam tacendo, nec me Phœbus reſpicit.
Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit ſilentium.
"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
"Quique amavit cras amet."

HOMER'S BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

IN THREE BOOKS.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Phyſignathus, one who ſwells his cheeks.
Pelus, a name from mud.
Hydromeduſe, a ruler in the waters.
Hypſiboas, a loud bawler.
Pelion, from mud.
Scutlaeus, called from the beets.
Polyphonus, a great babbler.
Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymniſius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocharis, who loves the water.
Borborocates, who lies in the mud.
Praſſophagus, an eater of garlick.
Pelufius, from mud.
Pelcbates, who walks in the dirt.
Praſſaeus, called from garlick.
Craugades, from croaking.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

Pſycarpax, one who plunders granaries.
Troxartas, a bread-eater.
Lychomile, a licker of meal.
Pternotractas, a bacon-eater.
Lychopinax, a licker of diſhes.
Embaſichytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name for licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheeſe-ſcooper.
Pternoglyphus, a bacon-ſcooper.
Pternophagus, a bacon-eater.
Cniſſodioctes, one who follows the ſteam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his ſhare.

BOOK I.

To fill my riſing ſong with ſacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye ſweet celeſtial quire!
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r:

The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The ſprings of conteſt, and the fields of fight;
How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults ſhook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs:
Thoſe equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muſe records the tale of fame.
  Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching claws of Death,
A gentle Mouſe, whom cats purſu'd in vain,
Fled ſwift-of-foot acroſs the neighb'ring plain,
Hung o'er a brink his eager thirſt to cool,
And dipt his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters hoarſe-reſounding ſaid:
" What art thou, Stranger! what the line you boaſt?
" What chance haſt caſt thee panting on our coaſt?
" With ſtricteſt truth let all thy words agree,
" Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.
" If worthy friendſhip, proffer'd friendſhip take,
" And ent'ring view the pleaſurable lake;
" Range o'er my palace, in my bounty ſhare,
" And glad return from hoſpitable fare.
" This ſilver realm extends beneath my ſway,
" And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
" Great Phyſignathus I! from Peleus' race,
" Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,

"Where by the nuptial bank that paints his ſide,
"The ſwift Eridanus delights to glide.
"Thee, too, thy form, thy ſtrength, and port, proclaim
"A ſceptred king; a ſon of martial fame;
"Then trace thy line, and aid my gueſſing eyes."
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouſe replies:
"Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
"Thro' wild expanſes of the midway ſky,
"My name reſounds, and if unknown to thee,
"The ſoul of great Pſycarpax lives in me.
"Of brave Troxartas' line, whoſe ſleeky down
"In love compreſs'd Lychomilè the brown.
"My mother ſhe, and princeſs of the plains
"Where'er her father Pternotractas reigns;
"Born where a cabin lifts its airy ſhed,
"With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties, fed:
"But ſince our natures nought in common know,
"From what foundation can a friendſhip grow?
"Theſe curling waters o'er thy palace roll,
"But man's high food ſupports my princely ſoul.
"In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
"Conceal'd in flaſkets from my curious eye;
"In vain the tripe that boaſts the whiteſt hue,
"In vain the gilded bacon, ſhuns my view;
"In vain the cheeſes, offspring of the paile,
"Or honey'd cakes, which gods themſelves regale.
"And as in arts I ſhine, in arms I fight,
"Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to flight.

"Tho' large to mine the human form appear,
"Not man himſelf can ſmite my ſoul with fear.
"Sly to the bed with ſilent ſteps I go,
"Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
"And fix indented wounds with dex'trous ſkill;
"Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
"Yet have we foes which direful dangers cauſe,
"Grim owls, with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
"And that falſe trap, the den of ſilent Fate,
"Where Death his ambuſh plants around the bait:
"All-dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
"The potent warriors of the tabby veſt;
"If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
"And rend our heroes of the nibbling race;
"But me nor ſtalks nor watriſh herbs delight,
"Nor can the crimſon radiſh charm my ſight,
"The lake-reſounding Frogs' ſelected fare,
"Which not a Mouſe of any taſte can bear."
As thus the downy prince his mind expreſt,
His anſwer thus the croaking king addreſt.
"Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
"And, Stranger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove:
"We ſport in water, or we dance on land,
"And, born amphibious, food from both command:
"But truſt thyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
"And ſafely tempt thoſe ſeas, I'll bear thee thro':
"Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
"And reach my marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate."

He ſaid, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouſe, and claſps his arms around,
Then wond'ring flotes, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks reſembling ports at ſea;
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,
His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore;
His tail extended forms a fruitleſs oar;
Half-drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.
"So paſs'd Europa thro' the rapid ſea,
"Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
"With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
"And ſafe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
"Ah! ſafe at laſt, may thus the Frog ſupport
"My trembling limbs to reach his ample court."
As thus he ſorrows, death ambiguous grows;
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives, to ſhun the ſable fates, below.
Forgetful Frog! the friend thy ſhoulders bore,
Unſkill'd in ſwimming, flotes remote from ſhore.

He graſps with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with Fate in vain;
The weighty moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
And thus the Prince his dying rage expreſt.
"Nor thou, that fling'ſt me flound'ring from thy back,
"As from hard rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring wrack,
"Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy due, perfidious King!
"Purſu'd by vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing.
"At land thy ſtrength could never equal mine;
"At ſea to conquer, and by craft, was thine;
"But heav'n has gods, and gods have ſearching eyes.
"Ye Mice! ye Mice! my great avengers riſe."
This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd.
His death the young Lychopinax eſpy'd,
As on the flow'ry brink he paſs'd the day,
Baſk'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away:
Loud ſhrieks the Mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate;
Grief, diſmal grief, enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller fury fills the deafen'd ground:
From lodge to lodge the ſacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the riſing ſun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains:
Pſycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore;

Supine he lies, the ſilent waters ſtand,
And no kind billow waſts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When roſy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-Mouſe the nation crowds;
Slow roſe the ſov'reign, heav'd his anxious breaſt,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addreſt.
"For loſt Pſycarpax much my ſoul endures;
"'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
"Three warlike ſons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
"Three ſons, alas! before their father dead:
"Our eldeſt periſh'd by the rav'ning cat,
"As near my court the prince unheedful ſate;
"Our next an engine fraught with danger drew,
"The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view;
"Dire arts aſſiſt the trap, the Fates decoy,
"And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
"The laſt, his country's hope, his parents' pride,
"Plung'd in the lake by Phyſignathus, dy'd.
"Rouſe all the war, my Friends! avenge the deed,
"And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed."
His words in ev'ry breaſt inſpir'd alarms,
And careful Mars ſupply'd their hoſt with arms.
In verdant hulls, deſpoil'd of all their beans,
The buſkin'd warriors ſtalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound their bracing corſelet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd;

The lamp's round boſs affords their ample ſhield;
Large ſhells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield,
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forſake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
And aſk and hearken whence the noiſes ſpring.
When near the crowd, diſclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embaſichytros drew;
The ſacred herald's ſceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his words expreſs'd his king's command.
"Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
"And, deck'd in armour, ſhake the ſhining lance;
"Their hapleſs prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
"Extends incumbent on the watry plain;
"Then arm your hoſt, the doubtful battle try;
"Lead forth thoſe Frogs that have the ſoul to die."
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly-ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear;
Much they reſent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame.
"O Friends! I never forc'd the Mouſe to death,
"Nor ſaw the gaſpings of his lateſt breath;
"He, vain of youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
"And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
"To vengeance now by falſe appearance led,
"They point their anger at my guiltleſs head,

" But wage the riſing war by deep device,
" And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
" Your king directs the way ; my thoughts, elate
" With hopes of conqueſt, form deſigns of fate.
" Where high the banks their verdant ſurface heave,
" And the ſteep ſides confine the ſleeping wave,
" There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
" Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight ;
" Then where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
" Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouſe arreſt ;
" Each ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
" Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below :
" Down ſink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd,
" Loud flaſh the waters, and the ſhores reſound ;
" The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
" And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain."
He ſpake no more ; his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe ;
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid,
And green the colewort which the target made :
Form'd of the vary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſt'ned o'er the field ;
And tap'ring ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate ſpires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in ethereal ſkies,
(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods aſſume their golden ſeats:
The ſire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the num'rous heroes ſtride!
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike pride!
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.
This ſeen, the pow'r his ſacred viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heav'nly guardians take the liſt,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs, aſſiſt?
Then thus to Pallas. "If my daughter's mind
"Have join'd the Mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind?
"Drawn forth by ſav'ry ſteams they wind their way,
"And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
"Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
"They ſport to pleaſe the goddeſs of the feaſt."
Thus ſpake the ruler of the ſpacious ſkies;
But thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies.
"In vain, my Father! all their dangers plead,
"To ſuch thy Pallas never grants her aid:
"My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
"And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil;

" (Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
" My veil that idle race profanely tore:
" The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
" Relentleſs Wretches! all the work was mine!
" Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
" Caſt the light ſhoot, and croſs'd the ſilver thread;
" In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear,
" The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair,
" For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,
" (The gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give,
" And learning's goddeſs never leſs can owe,
" Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)
" Nor let the Frogs to win my ſuccour ſue;
" Thoſe clam'rous fools have loſt my favour too:
" For late, when all the conflicts ceaſt at night,
" When my ſtretch'd ſinews work'd with eager fight;
" When, ſpent with glorious toil, I left the field,
" And ſunk for ſlumber on my ſwelling ſhield,
" Lo, from the deep, repelling ſweet repoſe,
" With noiſy croakings half the nation roſe:
" Devoid of reſt, with akeing brows I lay,
" Till cocks proclaim'd the crimſon dawn of day.
" Let all, like me, from either hoſt forbear,
" Nor tempt the flying furies of the ſpear,
" Leſt heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
" Adorn the conqueſt of a meaner foe.
" Some daring Mouſe may meet the wondrous odds,
" Tho' gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded gods:

"O'er gilded clouds reclin'd the danger view,
"And be the wars of mortal ſcenes for you."
So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words perſuade,
Great Jove aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies ſhine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line:
The chiefs conſpicuous ſeen, and heard afar,
Give the loud ſignal to the ruſhing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets ſound,
The ſounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled ſky.
Firſt to the fight the large Hypſiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin ſlew:
The luckleſs warrior, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
Stood foremoſt glitt'ring in the poſt of fame,
When in his liver ſtruck the jav'lin hung,
The Mouſe fell thund'ring, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground he ſinks his cloſing eye,
And ſoil'd in duſt his lovely treſſes lie.
A ſpear at Pelion Troglodytes caſt,
The miſſive ſpear within the boſom paſt;
Death's ſable ſhades the fainting Frog ſurround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embaſichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;

But great Artophagus aveng'd the ſlain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain:
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
For boaſtful ſpeech and turbulence of ſound;
Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his ſoul againſt the face of day.
The ſtrong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph and a friend expire,
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,
(A warrior vers'd in arts of ſure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate)
Full on his ſinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;
Thro' all the Frog the ſhining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd Mouſe the victor dies.
The dreadful ſtroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, leſs inur'd to fights;
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the ſteep,
And wildly flound'ring flaſhes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of blood
Diſtains the ſurface of the ſilver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the ruſhing entrails throng,
And ſlow the breathleſs carcaſs flotes along.

Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus aſſails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales;
Loſt to the milky fares and rural ſeat,
He came to periſh on the bank of Fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius ſhuns by flight;
Drops the green target, ſpringing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and ſafely dives below;
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceneſs more,
His parents fed him on the ſavage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis purſu'd,
Till fall'n in death he lies; a ſhatt'ring ſtone
Sounds on the neck, and cruſhes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his noſtrils burſts the guſhing brain.
Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameleſs Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And darkneſs ſeals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Praſſophagus with ſpritely bound
Bears Cniſſodioctes off the riſing ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And downward plunging, ſinks his ſoul to death.
But now the great Pſycarpax ſhines afar,
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe loſs provok'd the war)

Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
And thro' the liver ftruck Pelufius dead;
His freckled corpfe before the victor fell,
His foul indignant fought the fhades of hell.
This faw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monftrous mafs of mud;
The cloud obfcene o'er all the hero flies,
Difhonours his brown face, and blots his eyes:
Enrag'd, and wildly fputt'ring, from the fhore
A ftone immenfe of fize the warrior bore,
A load for lab'ring earth, (whofe bulk to raife
Afks ten degen'rate Mice of modern days)
Full on the leg arrives the crufhing wound;
The Frog fupportlefs writhes upon the ground.
Thus flufh'd, the victor wars with matchlefs force,
Till loud Craugafides arrefts his courfe:
Hoarfe-croaking threats precede; with fatal fpeed
Deep thro' the belly run the pointed reed,
Then ftrongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppres'd with pain,
Creeps from the defp'rate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rifing weeds fupply
To fpread their lowly fhades beneath the fky,
There lurks the filent Moufe reliev'd from heat,
And, fafe embower'd, avoids the chance of Fate.
But here Troxartas, Phyfignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed fpear;

But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Phyſignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a ſafe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind;
The Mouſe ſtill urges, ſtill the Frog retires,
And half in anguiſh of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Praſſæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings;
Lank, harmleſs Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' ſhield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
A gallant prince, that far tranſcends his years,
Pride of his ſire, and glory of his houſe,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouſe;
His action bold, robuſt his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his reſounding name.
The warrior, ſingled from the fighting crowd,
Boaſts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate:
And ſuch his ſtrength, the ſilver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground:
But pow'rful Jove, who ſhews no leſs his grace
To Frogs that periſh than to human race,
Felt ſoft compaſſion riſing in his ſoul,
And ſhook his ſacred head, that ſhook the pole;

Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began
The sire of gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and man.
"What ſeas of blood I view! what worlds of ſlain!
"An Iliad riſing from a day's campaign!
"How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes
"The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax ſhakes!
"Unleſs ſome fav'ring deity deſcend,
"Soon will the Frogs' loquacious empire end.
"Let dreadful Pallas, wing'd with pity, fly,
"And make her ægis blaze before his eye,
"While Mars refulgent on his rattling car
"Arreſts his raging rival of the war."
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats ſaid:
"Nor Pallas, Jove, tho' Pallas take the field
"With all the terrors of her hiſſing ſhield,
"Nor Mars himſelf, tho' Mars in armour bright
"Aſcend his car, and wheel amidſt the fight;
"Not theſe can drive the deſp'rate Mouſe afar,
"Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war;
"Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms ariſe,
"Or launch thy own red thunder from the ſkies;
"Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
"When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
"When all the giant-race enormous fell,
"And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell."
'Twas thus th' armipotent adviſ'd the gods,
When from his throne the Cloud-compeller nods;

Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant ground;
The bolt diſcharg'd, inwrapp'd with lightning, flies,
And rends its flaming paſſage thro' the ſkies,
Then earth's inhabitants, the Nibblers, ſhake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake:
Yet ſtill the Mice advance their dread deſign,
And the laſt danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loſs they bore,
With ſtrange aſſiſtants fill'd the frighted ſhore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring ſtrand, deform'd to view,
They march, a ſudden unexpected crew!
Strong ſuits of armour round their bodies cloſe,
Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell ſheers the paſſage to their mouth command;
From out the fleſh their bones by nature ſtand;
Broad ſpread their backs, their ſhining ſhoulders riſe;
Unnumber'd joints diſtort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eyeballs in their boſom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,
And either end alike ſupplies a head:
Theſe mortal wits to call the Crabs agree;
The gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with ſev'ring graſps they rend;
Here ſhort of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,
There without hands, upon the field they lie:
Wrench'd from their holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpleſs amazement, fear purſuing fear,
And mad confuſion thro' their hoſt appear;
O'er the wild waſte with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the weſtern ſeas
Far-ſhooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays,
And a whole war (ſo Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving ſun.

Part of the firſt Canto of

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

And now unveil'd, the toilette ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears:
Th' inferior prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling begins the ſacred rites of pride.

A tranſlation of part of the firſt Canto of

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Into Leonine verſe, after the manner of the ancient Monks.

Et nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in menſâ, quæ ſplendet pyxide denſâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, ſe purgat candida Nympha;
Jamque ſine mendâ, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc ſtupet explorans, ſeu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,

Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.
This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,

Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque ſuperbia! lautè,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſtâ tranſpirat Arabia ciſtâ;
Teſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;

Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair;
Some fold the ſleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's praiſ'd for labours not her own.

Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratiâ viſûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis datet altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiſſima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerê conceditur horum.

AN ELEGY.

TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

In vain, poor Nymph! to pleaſe our youthful ſight,
You ſleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches ſoil, with paint repair,
Dreſs with gay gowns, and ſhade with foreign hair:
If truth in ſpight of manners muſt be told,
Why, really fifty-five is ſomething old.
Once you were young, or one, whoſe life's ſo long
She might have born my mother, tells me wrong:
And once (ſince Envy's dead before you die)
The women own you play'd a ſparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modiſh little trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple lip.——
To ſome new charmer are the roſes fled,
Which blew to damaſk all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thouſands fill their eaſy train.
So parting Summer bids her flow'ry prime
Attend the ſun to dreſs ſome foreign clime,
While with'ring ſeaſons in ſucceſſion, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou (ſince Nature bids) the world reſign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to ſhine;
With more addreſs, (or ſuch as pleaſes more)
She runs her female exerciſes o'er,

Unfurls or clofes, raps or turns the fan,
And fmiles, or blufhes, at the creature Man:
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pafs,
In fideling courtefy fhe drops the glafs:
With better ftrength, on vifit-days, fhe bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample ftairs.
Her mien, her fhape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are fure to conquer,—for the rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let time, that makes you homely, make you fage;
The fphere of wifdom is the fphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flatt'ring tongues of foft defire,
If not from virtue, from its graveft ways
The foul with pleafing avocation ftrays;
But beauty gone 'tis eafier to be wife,
As harpers better by the lofs of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt lefs the plays, and more the public pray'rs;
Reject the Mechlin head and gold brocade,
Go pray, in fober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendent di'monds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling luftre fhows how much you fhake)
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the reft, with lefs incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' life unmingled with the young,

And view the ſhade and ſubſtance as you paſs,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glaſs,
Or Folly dreſs'd, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praiſe;
Yet ſtill ſedate your ſelf, and gravely plain,
You neither fret nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus (if man with woman we compare)
The wiſe Athenian croſs'd a glittering fair;
Unmov'd by tongues and ſights he walk'd the place,
Thro' tape, toys, tinſel, gimp, perfume, and lace,
Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,
And "what a world I never want?" he cries;
But cries unheard; for Folly will be free;
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careleſs he for them as they for him;
He wrapt in wiſdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, Boy! we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, ravening beaſt of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds
(As Fame reports it) with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand authors' lives:
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with cluſt'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tuſks within,
And ſcales to ſerve him for a ſkin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go
To tear ſome modern wretch below;
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.
  See where his teeth a paſſage eat;
We'll rouſe him from the deep retreat.
But who the ſhelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis ſacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from ſong to ſong,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he ſcuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles; there he paſt,
And here we have him caught at laſt.

Insatiate Brute! whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of Love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso, near,
To pile a sacred altar here.
Hold, Boy! thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that D——s writ;
You reach'd me Ph——s rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come, bind the victim——There he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)

A health to Poets! all their days
May they have bread as well as praiſe;
Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage;
But if their riches ſpoil their vein,
Ye Muſes! make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I ſtrike the ſcales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The ſacred altar flotes with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the ſon of Jove I ſtand,
This hydra ſtretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monſter's entrails here,
To ſee what dangers threat the year:
Ye Gods! what Sonnets on a wench!
What lean Tranſlations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is ſo unſound,
S—— prints before the months go round.
But hold, before I cloſe the ſcene,
The ſacred altar ſhould be clean.
Oh! had I Sh——ll's ſecond bays,
Or, T——! thy pert and humble lays,
(Ye Pair! forgive me when I vow
I never miſs'd your Works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the ſhrine,
(That only way you pleaſe the Nine)

But ſince I chance to want theſe two,
I'll make the ſongs of D——y do.
Rent from the corpſe, on yonder pin
I hang the ſcales that brac'd it in;
I hang my ſtudious morning gown,
And write my own inſcription down.
"This trophy, from the Python won,
"This robe, in which the deed was done,
"Theſe Parnell, glorying in the feat,
"Hung on theſe ſhelves, the Muſes' ſeat.
"Here Ignorance and Hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round;
"Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;
"Two foes in one I ſent to hell.
"Ye Poets! who my labours ſee,
"Come ſhare the triumph all with me:
"Ye Critics! born to vex the Muſe,
"Go mourn the grand ally you loſe."

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and ſpare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal ſable head,
Contriv'd a ſhape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man roſe ſtaring, like a ſtake,
Wond'ring to ſee himſelf awake!
Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The bus'neſs he was made to do,
That pleas'd to ſee with what a grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-ſomething of the ſky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god,
(For which his curls ambroſial ſhake,
And Mother Earth's oblig'd to quake)
He ſaw old Mother Earth ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his eyes,
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A caſtle for a crown before,

Nor with long ftreets and longer roads,
Dangling behind her like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone fhe dreft,
And trail'd a landfcape-painted veft;
Then thrice fhe rais'd, (as Ovid faid)
And thrice fhe bow'd, her weighty head.
Her honours made, "Great Jove," fhe cry'd,
"This thing was fafhion'd from my fide;
"His hands, his heart, his head, are mine,
"Then what haft thou to call him thine,"
"Nay rather ask," the monarch faid,
"What boots his hand, his heart, his head?
"Were what I gave remov'd away,
"Thy part's an idle fhape of clay."
"Halves, more than halves," cry'd honeft Care,
"Your pleas would make your titles fair;
"You claim the body, you the foul,
"But I who join'd them claim the whole."
Thus with the gods debate began
On fuch a trivial caufe as Man.
"And can celeftial tempers rage?"
Quoth Virgil, in a latter age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him fuch as I,
For what the fabling Ancients fung
Makes Saturn old when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not fhed
Their filver honours on his head;

He juſt had got his pinions free
From his old ſire Eternity.
A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before,
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carry'd, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day and night, was py'd,
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide,
And Spring's new months his train adorn;
The other ſeaſons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
(Where ſince his hours a dial made)
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.
" Since body from the parent Earth,
" And ſoul from Jove, receiv'd a birth,
" Return they where they firſt began;
" But ſince their union makes the man,
" Till Jove and Earth ſhall part theſe two,
" To Care, who join'd them, Man is due."
He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift career
To trace a circle for the year;

Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
" 'Tis well," said Jove; and for consent
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
" Our umpire Time shall have his way,
" With Care I let the creature stay:
" Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
" Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind;
" Let Error act, Opinion speak,
" And Want afflict, and Sickness break,
" And anger burn, Dejection chill,
" And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill;
" Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
" Time draws the long destructive blow,
" And wasted man, whose quick decay
" Comes hurrying on before his day,
" Shall only find, by this decree,
" The soul flies sooner back to me."

AN IMITATION OF

SOME FRENCH VERSES.

Relentless Time! deſtroying pow'r
Whom ſtone and braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to ev'ry flying hour
To work ſome new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret ſaps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By Nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh:
My ſpring, my years of pleaſure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave Wiſdom ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inſpire;
My errors cheriſh'd Hope to ſmile
On newly-born Deſire;

But now experience ſhews the bliſs
For which I fondly ſought
Not worth the long impatient wiſh
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
(In all her pomp ſhe ſhone)
And might, perhaps, have well eſſay'd
To make her gifts my own:

But when I ſaw the bleſſings ſhow'r
On ſome unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r
Was juſtly painted blind.

I paſs'd the glories which adorn
The ſplendid courts of kings,
And while the perſons mov'd my ſcorn,
I roſe to ſcorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire,
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conſpire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakneſs ſafe, the ſex I ſee
With idle luſtre ſhine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decreaſe,
My troubles laid to reſt;
And truths which would diſturb my peace
Are painful truths at beſt.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In ſad reflection flies;
Ye fondling Paſſions of my ſoul!
Ye ſweet Deceits! ariſe.

I wiſely change the ſcene within
To things that us'd to pleaſe;
In pain philoſophy is ſpleen,
In health 'tis only eaſe.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er;
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way:
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.
  How deep yon' azure dies the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,

While thro' their ranks, in ſilver pride,
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath;
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below,
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire;
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night;
There paſs, with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of Fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
" Time was like thee they life poſſeſt,
" And time ſhall be that thou ſhalt reſt."
Thoſe graves, with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe
Where Toil and Poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,
(Which ere our ſett of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the rich or praiſe the great,
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrapp'd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crowds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
" Think, Mortal! what it is to die."
Now from yon' black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye Ravens! ceaſe your croaking din;
Ye tolling Clocks! no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.
" When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
" How great a king of fears am I!
" They view me like the laſt of things;
" They make, and then they dread, my ſtings.
" Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
" No more my ſpectre-form appears.

"Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
"If man would ever paſs to God;
"A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
"From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas."
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe.
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun;
Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waſte;
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient wiſdom move,
Whilſt thus I ſing to make the Moderns wiſe;
Strong Neptune once with ſage Minerva ſtrove,
And riſing Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune Plutus, (guardian pow'r of gain)
By great Minerva bright Apollo ſtood;
But Jove ſuperior bade the ſide obtain
Which beſt contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune ſtriking, from the parted ground
The warlike Horſe came pawing on the plain,
And as it toſs'd its mane and pranc'd around,
"By this," he cries, "I'll make the people reign."

The goddeſs, ſmiling, gently bow'd her ſpear,
"And rather thus they ſhall be bleſs'd," ſhe ſaid:
Then upwards ſhooting in the vernal air,
With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive ſpread.

Jove ſaw what gift the rural pow'rs deſign'd,
And took th' impartial ſcales, reſolv'd to ſhow
If greater bliſs in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times beſtow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
But Plenty, Safety, Science, Arts, and Eafe,
Minerva's fcale with greater weight fupply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would fave;
Sweet Peace reftores what angry War deftroys;
War made for peace with that rewards the brave,
While peace its pleafures from itfelf enjoys.

Hence vanquifh'd Neptune to the fea withdrew,
Hence wife Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And ftill her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables thus difclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form juft rules to chufe the truly great,
And fubjects, weary'd with diftreffes, find
Whofe kind endeavours moft befriend the ftate.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
If cities won her kingdom's wealth have coft;
If Anna's thoughts the patriot fouls approve,
Whofe cares reftore that wealth the wars had loft.

But if we afk, the moral to difclofe,
Whom her beft patronefs Europa calls,

Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd her troops to conqueſt flew;
Whene'er ſhe pleaſes peaceful times ariſe:
She gave the Horſe, and gives the Olive too.

THE THIRD SATIRE

OF DR. DONNE.

VERSIFIED BY DR. PARNELL.

COMPASSION checks my ſpleen, yet ſcorn denies
The tears a paſſage through my ſwelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at ſins might idly ſhow
Unheedful paſſion or unfruitful woe.
Satire ! ariſe, and try thy ſharper ways,
If ever ſatire cur'd an old diſeaſe.
Is not Religion (heav'n-deſcended dame!)
As worthy all our ſoul's devouteſt flame,
As Moral Virtue in her early ſway,
When the beſt Heathens ſaw by doubtful day ?

THE THIRD SATIRE

OF DR. DONNE.

KIND Pity checks my ſpleen, brave Scorn forbids
Thoſe tears to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids.
I muſt not laugh nor weep ſins, but be wiſe,
Can railing then cure theſe worn maladies ?
Is not our miſtreſs, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our ſoul's devotion
As Virtue was to the firſt blinded age ?
Are not heaven's joyes as valiant to aſſuage

Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and ſtrong to vaniſh earthly love
As earthly glory, fame, reſpect, and ſhow,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
Theſe means are ours, and muſt its end be theirs?
And ſhall thy father's ſpirit meet the ſight
Of Heathen ſages cloth'd in heav'nly light,
Whoſe merit of ſtrict life, ſeverely ſuited
To Reaſon's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilſt thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever baniſh'd from the bleſs'd abode?
Oh! if thy temper ſuch a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the nobleſt kind.
Dar'ſt thou provoke, when rebel-ſouls aſpire,
Thy Maker's vengeance and thy monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ſhips, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the ſea;

Luſts, as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, ſhall they ſurpaſs
Us in the end? and ſhall thy father's ſpirit
Meet blind philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie wayes and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'ſt, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'ſt thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhips, wooden ſepulchres, a prey

In fearch of pearl in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the fun, in mines beneath,
Or where in tempefts icy mountains roll,
Attempt a paffage by the northern pole?
Or dar'ft thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line for Indian gain?
Or for fome idol of thy fancy draw
Some loofe-gown'd dame? O courage made of ftraw!
Thus, defp'rate Coward! would'ft thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield,
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

To leaders' rage, to ftorms, to fhot, to dearth?
Dar'ft thou dive feas and dungeons of the earth?
Haft thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North difcoveries, and thrice
Colder than falamanders? like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whofe countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canft thou for gain bear? and muft every he
Which cries not Goddefs to thy miftrefs draw
Or eat thy poyfonous words? Courage of ftraw!
O defperate Coward! wilt thou feem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to ftand
Sentinel in this world's garrifon) thus yield,
And for forbid warres leave th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apoſtate Angel, he
You ſtrive to pleaſe, the foremoſt of the three;
He makes the pleaſures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The World's thy ſecond love, thy ſecond foe,
The World, whoſe beauties periſh as they blow;
They fly, ſhe fades herſelf, and at the beſt,
You graſp a wither'd ſtrumpet to your breaſt:
The Fleſh is next, which in fruition waſtes,
High fluſh'd with all the ſenſual joys it taſtes;
While men the fair the goodly ſoul deſtroy,
From whence the Fleſh has pow'r to taſte a joy.
Seek thou Religion primitively found——
Well, gentle Friend! but where may ſhe be found?

Know thy foes; the foul Devil (he whom thou
Striv'ſt to pleaſe) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and paſs,
So the World's ſelf, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Doſt love a withered and worn ſtrumpet: laſt
Fleſh (it ſelf's death) and joyes which fleſh can taſt
Thou loveſt; and thy fair goodly ſoul, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſt joy, thou doſt loath.
Seek true Religion! O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright ſeraph from his country fled,
And ſeeks her ſeat at Rome, becauſe we know
She there was ſeen a thouſand years ago,
And loves her relic rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince ſat yeſterday.
Theſe pageant forms are whining Obed's ſcorn,
Who ſeeks Religion at Geneva born;
A ſullen thing, whoſe coarſeneſs ſuits the crowd,
Tho' young unhandſome; tho' unhandſome proud.
Thus, with the wanton, ſome perverſely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.
No foreign ſchemes make eaſy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home;

Seeks her at Rome; there, becauſe he doth know
That ſhe was there a thouſand years ago,
He loves the raggs ſo, as we here obey
The ſtate-cloth where the prince ſate yeſterday.
Grants to ſuch brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, ſimple, ſullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandſome. As among
Lecherous humours there is one that judges
No wenches wholſome but courſe country drudges.
Grajus ſtayes ſtill at home here, and becauſe
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws

Nay, ſhould ſome preachers, ſervile bawds of gain,
Should ſome new laws, which like new faſhions reign,
Command his faith to count ſalvation ty'd
To viſit his, and viſit none beſide,
He grants ſalvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone:
From youth to age he graſps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith who give his name;
So from the guardians' hands the wards who live
Enthrall'd to guardians take the wives they give.
From all profeſſions careleſs Airy flies,
For all profeſſions can't be good, he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuſe.
So men, who know what ſome looſe girls have done,
For fear of marrying ſuch will marry none.
The charms of all obſequious Courtly ſtrike,
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;

Still new, like faſhions, bids him think that ſhe
Which dwels with us is only perfect, he
Imbraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards ſtill
Take ſuch wives as their guardians offer or
Pay valews. Careleſs Phrygius doth abhorr
All, becauſe all cannot be good; as one
Knowing ſome women whores, dares marry none.

And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dreſſes altering, and the ſex the ſame:
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward ſhow,
But 'tis Religion ſtill where'er we go.
This blindneſs ſprings from an exceſs of light,
And men embrace the wrong to chuſe the right.
But thou of force muſt one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one aſk thy rev'rend ſire,
Let him of his, and him of his inquire:
Tho' Truth and Falſehood ſeem as twins ally'd,
There's elderſhip on Truth's delightful ſide;
Her ſeek with heed—who ſeeks the ſoundeſt firſt
Is not of no Religion, nor the worſt.
T' adore or ſcorn an image, or proteſt,
May all be bad. Doubt wiſely for the beſt:

Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that ſo
As women do in divers countries go
In divers habits, yet are ſtill one kind;
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
Neſs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and forc'd but one allow,
And the right; aſk thy father which is ſhe,
Let him aſk his. Though Truth and Falſehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
Be buſie to ſeek her; believe me this,
He's not of none nor worſt that ſeeks the beſt.
To adore or ſcorn an image, or proteſt,

'Twere wrong to ſleep, or headlong run aſtray:
It is not wand'ring to inquire the way.
On a large mountain, at the baſis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the ſide,
Sits ſacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the ſummit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn eſſays,
Where ſudden breaks reſiſt the ſhorter ways.
Yet labour ſo, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy ſearching ſoul poſſeſs her reſt alive.
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of Fate.
To will alone is but to mean delay;
To work at preſent is the uſe of day:
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the ſoul, hard deeds the body ſtrain,

May all the bad. Doubt wiſely: in ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right is not to ſtray:
To ſleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and ſteep, Truth ſtands, and he that will
Reach her, about muſt and about it go;
And what the hill's ſuddenneſs reſiſts, win ſo,
Yet ſtrive ſo, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy ſoul reſt; for none can work in that night.
To will implyes delay, therefore now do.
Hard deeds the bodies pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's indeavours reach; and myſteries
Are like the ſun, dazling, yet plain to all eyes.

And myſt'ries aſk believing, which to view,
Like the fair ſun, are plain, but dazzling too.
Be truth, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breaſt.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of Fate.
Ah! fool and wretch! who lett'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd
To human laws! or muſt it ſo be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Greg'ry taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiſs;
For ev'ry contrary in ſuch extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.
Wouldſt thou to pow'r a proper duty ſhow?
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of Power to know,

Keep the truth which thou haſt found; men do not ſtand
In ſo ill caſe that God hath with his hand
Sign'd kings blank charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy ſoul be tyed
To man's laws, by which ſhe ſhall not be tryed
At the laſt day? or will it then boot thee
To ſay a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuſe for meer contraries
Equally ſtrong? cannot both ſides ſay ſo? [know,
That thou mayeſt rightly obey Power, her bounds

The bounds once paſt, it holds the ſame no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before;
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low idolatry at beſt.
Pow'r from above, ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
There calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below;
Each flow'r ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty from its roots is torn,
And left on deſerts, rocks, and ſands, are toſt,
All the long travel, and in ocean loſt.
So fares the ſoul which more that power reveres
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

Thoſe paſt her nature and name are chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As ſtreams are power is: thoſe beſt flowers that dwell
At the rough ſtream's calm head thrive and do well;
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at laſt, almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh ſouls which more chuſe men's unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, then God himſelf to truſt.

TO THE READER.

THE following Poems were given by the Author to the late Benjamin Everard, Esq. and since his death found by his son among several other valuable manuscripts, who gave them to the Editor. The receipt annexed in Dean Swift's own hand-writing, and found at the same time, shews an acknowledgment that they are actually genuine.

Dec. 5. 1723.

Then received from Benjamin Everard, Esq. the above writings of the late Doctor Parnell, in four stitched volumes of manuscript, which I promise to restore to him on demand.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The Editor finds himself obliged, in gratitude to the memory of the Author, thus to introduce these Posthumous Works †, *lest they might be doubted really his. The former Poems, published in his lifetime, were justly admired*

† The whole of the following Poems, to the end of Vol. II. fall under the denomination of *The Posthumous Works of Dr. Thomas Parnell, late Arch-deacon of Clogher, containing Poems moral and divine, and on various other subjects;* which were collected together, and published in one volume octavo.—The Hymns to Morning, Noon, and Evening, made also part of that Posthumous publication, but are printed in the preceding part of this volume, under the general title of *Hymns*, agreeable to the arrangement observed throughout the whole of these volumes of *The Poets of Great Britain*, by which each particular species of poetry will be found classed under its proper head.—The poem of the Horse and the Olive, and the Versification of the Third Satire of Dr. Donne, by our Author, are to be found only in this edition of Dr. Parnell's Poems.

by all judges of poetry and literature, and highly commended by the late Mr. Pope, in his Dedication to the Earl of Oxford, beginning thus:

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet fung,
Till Death untimely ftopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! juft beheld and loft! admir'd and mourn'd!
With fofteft manners, gentleft arts, adorn'd!
Blefs'd in each fcience! blefs'd in every ftrain!
Dear to the Mufe, to Harley dear----in vain!---
Abfent or dead, ftill let a friend be dear,
(A figh the abfent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thofe nights that clos'd thy toilfome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays.

Such were the fentiments of Mr. Pope, but, alas! he is no more to fing the praifes of his Parnell! How weak the pencil of praife in any but the hands of fuch a mafter! therefore I leave to my readers how far thefe Productions come up to, if not excel, any of his former, being actuated, or rather divinely infpired, in the following fubjects, fo far as relates to the Holy Scriptures. Having then the honour to ufher this Orphan into the world, my heart exults in fure and permanent hope that the Father now tunes his lyre in the celeftial fpheres in harmony of numbers.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair ſtation near the throne of Grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endleſs round,
And endleſs Harmony's enchanting ſound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praiſe to ſhow,
Bright Gift of Verſe deſcend! and here below
My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
Among thy pomp let rich Expreſſion wait,
Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete,
While at thy motions over all the ſky
Sweet ſounds, and echoes ſweet, reſounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flow'ry ſpring erect its head.
It comes, it comes with unaccuſtom'd light!
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright;
Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
And young Invention new deſigns purſues;
To ſome attempt my will and wiſhes preſs,
And pleaſure, rais'd in hope, forbodes ſucceſs.
My God! from whom proceed the gifts divine,
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.
Be this no vain illuſion which I find,
Nor Nature's impulſe on the paſſive mind,
But Reaſon's act, produc'd by good deſire,
By grace enliven'd with celeſtial fire;

While baſe conceits, like miſty ſons of Night,
Before ſuch beams of glory take their flight,
And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.
I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind,
Man's undeſerving, and thy mercy kind;
I now perceive I long to ſing thy praiſe,
I now perceive I long to find my lays,
The ſweet incentives of another's love,
And ſure ſuch longings have their riſe above;
My reſolution ſtands confirm'd within,
My lines aſpiring eagerly begin;
Begin, my Lines! to ſuch a ſubject due,
That aids our labours and rewards them too;
Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
Where ſouls and ſongs divinely form'd ariſe.
As one whom o'er the ſweetly-vary'd meads
Entire receſs and lonely pleaſure leads,
To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
To ſhady trees, to cloſely-waving bowers,
To bubbling fountains, and aſide the ſtream
That ſoftly gliding ſooths a waking dream,
Or bears the thought inſpir'd with heat along,
And with fair images improves a ſong;
Thro' ſacred anthems ſo may Fancy range,
So ſtill from beauty ſtill to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And with ſweet numbers what it feels repay:

For this I call that ancient Time appear,
And bring his rolls to ſerve in method here;
His rolls, which acts that endleſs honour claim
Have rank'd in order for the voice of Fame.
My call is favour'd, Time, from firſt to laſt,
Unwinds his years; the preſent ſees the paſt:
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footſteps where he went before.
The page unfolding would a top diſcloſe,
Where founds melodious in their birth aroſe;
Where firſt the morning ſtars together ſung,
Where firſt their harps the ſons of glory ſtrung
With ſhouts of joy, while hallelujahs riſe
To prove the chorus of eternal ſkies;
Rich ſparkling ſtrokes the letters doubly gild,
And all's with love and admiration fill'd.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

With kind compaſſion hear my cry,
O Jeſu! Lord of life, on high!
As when the ſummer's ſeaſons beat
With ſcorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirſty gaps in earth are made,
My thoughts of comfort languiſh ſo,
And ſo my ſoul is broke by woe.
Then on thy ſervant's drooping head
Thy dews of bleſſing ſweetly ſhed;
Let thoſe a quick refreſhment give,
And raiſe my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger while I breathe,
My dread of endleſs hell beneath,
My ſenſe of ſorrow for my ſin,
To ſpringing comfort change within;
Change all my ſad complaints for eaſe,
To cheerful notes of endleſs praiſe,
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But ſuch as owe their birth to joy;
Joy tranſporting, ſweet and ſtrong,
Fit to fill and raiſe my ſong;
Joy that ſhall reſounded be
While days and nights ſucceed for me.
Be not as a judge ſevere,
For ſo thy preſence who may bear?

On all my words and actions look,
(I know they're written in thy book)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with Mercy's gracious eye:
What needs my blood, ſince thine will do
To pay the debt to juſtice due?
O tender Mercy's art divine!
Thy ſorrow proves the cure of mine;
Thy dropping wounds, thy woful ſmart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Reſtores my ſoul to life again.
Guide me, then, for here I burn
To make my Saviour ſome return.
I'll riſe, (if that will pleaſe him ſtill,
And ſure I've heard him own it will)
I'll trace his ſteps and bear my croſs,
Deſpiſing ev'ry grief and loſs,
Since he, deſpiſing pain and ſhame,
Firſt took up his, and did the ſame.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How bleſs'd the man, how fully ſo,
As far as man is bleſs'd below,
Who, taking up his croſs, eſſays
To follow Jeſus all his days,

With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way!
The Father of the saints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his bosom throughly shine
With wondrous stores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his soul above employ;
Full joy, that when his time is done
Becomes his portion as a son.
Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires,
The fervid wishes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and such be mine.
From hence despising all besides
That earth reveals or ocean hides,
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he sets his eyes:
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his safety springs,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the streams of comfort flow.
He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of Mercy, Lord of Love,
And finds a kingly care defend,
And Mercy smile, and Love descend
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:

And tho' the wicked earth difplay
Its terrors in their fierce array,
Or gape fo wide that horror fhows
'Tis hell replete with endlefs woes;
Such fuccour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntlefs ftill.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidft an ocean ftands;
So bears, without a trembling dread,
The tempeft beating round its head,
And with its fide repels the wave
Whofe hollow feems a coming grave:
The fkies, the deeps, are heard to roar,
The rock ftands fettled as before.
I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which bleffes you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye-defigning end;
Its knowing real int'reft lies
On the bright fide of yonder fkies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to Care,
While he that feeks for pleafing days
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of Toil or Fame,
(Tho' happy be the fpacious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more confpicuous wretch of ftate.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miſerable blind!
Shall idle dreams engage your mind?
How long the paſſions make their flight
At empty ſhadows of delight?
No more in paths of error ſtray,
The Lord, thy Jeſus, is the way,
The ſpring of happineſs; and where
Should men ſeek happineſs but there?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldneſs, run with ſpeed,
For he forſook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aſide his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirſt and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itſelf, below;
And he that ſuffer'd theſe alone
For all the world, deſpiſes none.
To bid the ſoul that's ſick be clean,
To bring the loſt to life again,
To comfort thoſe that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodneſs ſtill.
And as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only ſon,

So kind a love his mercies ſhow,
So kind, and more extremely ſo.
Thrice happy Men! (or find a phraſe
That ſpeaks your bliſs with greater praiſe)
Who, moſt obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleaſures, leaving all,
With heart, with ſoul, with ſtrength, incline,
O ſweeteſt Jeſu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, obſerve thy ways,
And in thy ſervice ſpend their days,
E'en death, that ſeems to ſet them free,
But brings them cloſer ſtill to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

Blessed Light of ſaints on high,
Who fill the manſions of the ſky;
Sure Defence, whoſe mercy ſtill
Preſerves thy ſubjects here from ill;
O my Jéſus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.
As the fond ſheep that idlely ſtrays
With wanton play thro' winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till wearied out with idle fear,
And paſſing there and turning here,

He will for reſt to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wiſh'd to ſhun :
Thus wretched I, thro' wanton will
Run blind and headlong on in ill :
'Twas thus from ſin to ſin I flew,
And thus I might have periſh'd too,
But Mercy dropt the likeneſs here,
And ſhew'd and ſav'd me from my fear ;
While o'er the darkneſs of my mind
The ſacred Spirit purely ſhin'd,
And mark'd and bright'ned all the way
Which leads to everlaſting day,
And broke the thick'ning clouds of ſin,
And fix'd the light of love within.
From hence my raviſh'd ſoul aſpires,
And dates the riſe of its deſires :
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wiſhes ſay I burn ;
I burn thy glorious face to ſee,
And live in endleſs joy with thee.
There's no ſuch ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame ;
Nor ſuch affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Tho' join'd together both conſpire,
And boaſt a doubled force of fire:
My tender heart within its ſeat
Diſſolves before the ſcorching heat,

As soft'ning wax is taught to run
Before the warmness of the sun.
O my flame, my pleasing pain,
Burn and purify my stain!
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away,
Till at the last I throughly shine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROPITIOUS Son of God! to thee
With all my soul I bend my knee;
My wish I send, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart;
For as an absent parent's son,
Whose second year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he strays;
So, should my soul's eternal guide,
The sacred Spirit, be deny'd,
Thy servant soon the loss would know,
And sink in sin, or run to woe.
O Spirit! bountifully kind,
Warm, possess, and fill my mind;

Difperfe my fins with light divine,
And raife the flames of love with thine:
Before thy pleafures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be defpis'd,
And let the Father's glory be
More dear itfelf than life to me.
Sing of Jefus, Virgins! fing
Him your everlafting King;
Sing of Jefus, cheerful Youth!
Him the God of love and truth:
Write and raife a fong divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal! Word fupreme!
Who made the univerfal frame,
Heav'n, and all its fhining fhow,
Earth, and all it holds below,
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we fing thy praifes here.
Son eternal! ever bleft,
Refting on the Father's breaft,
Whofe tender love for all provides,
Whofe power over all prefides,
Bow with pity, bow thine ear,
While we fing thy praifes here.
Thou, by Pity's foft extreme
Mov'd, and won, and fet on flame,
Affum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains to refcue man from hell.

How bright thine humble glories riſe,
And match the luſtre of the ſkies!
From death and hell's dejected ſtate
Ariſing, thou reſum'd thy ſeat,
And golden thrones of bliſs prepar'd
Above, to be thy ſaints' reward.
  How bright thy glorious honours riſe,
And with new luſtre grace the ſkies!
For thee the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Raiſe the voice and tune the lyre,
And praiſes with harmonious ſounds
Thro' all the higheſt heav'n rebounds.
  O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bleſs the ſouls that ſing of thee.
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The ſolemn organs aid the voice:
To ſacred roofs the ſound we raiſe,
The ſacred roofs reſound thy praiſe;
And while our notes in one agree,
O bleſs the church that ſings to thee!

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

The morning opens very frefhly gay,
And life itfelf is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flow'rets with a thoufand colours more,
Then falls to weaving that, and fpreading thefe,
And foftly fhakes them with an eafy breeze;
With golden fruit adorns the bending fhade,
Or trails a filver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle Water! ftill more gently by,
While in this fummer-bower of blifs I lie,
And fweetly fing of fenfe-delighting flames,
And nymphs' and fhepherds' foft-invented names,
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praife their fruit, diffufing fprightly wine;
Or find new pleafures in the world to praife,
And ftill with this return adorn my lays;
" Range round yonr gardens of eternal fpring;
" Go range, my Senfes! while I fweetly fing."
In vain, in vain, alas! feduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will,
I tell my foul it will be conftant May,
And charm a feafon never made to ftay;
My beauteous arbour will not ftand a ftorm,
The world but promifes, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye Leaves! and wither, all ye Flow'rs!
I'll dote no longer in enchanted bow'rs,

But ſadly mourn, in melancholy ſong,
The vain conceits that held my ſoul ſo long,
The luſts that tempt us with deluſive ſhow,
And ſin, brought forth for everlaſting woe.
Thus ſhall the notes to ſorrow's object riſe,
While frequent reſts procure a place for ſighs;
And as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen cloſing ev'ry ſtrain;
"Return, my Senſes! range no more abroad;
"He'll only find his bliſs who ſeeks for God."

ECSTASY.

THE fleeting joys which all affords below
Work the fond heart with unperforming ſhow,
The wiſh that makes our happier life complete,
Nor graſps the wealth nor honours of the great,
Nor looſely ſails on Pleaſure's eaſy ſtream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of Fame;
Weak Man! who charms to theſe alone confine,
Attend my pray'r, and learn to make it thine.
From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
Make day that's endleſs infinitely bright,
Thence, heav'nly Father! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightneſs to my longing heart:
Dawn thro' the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
And ſtill the rage in Paſſion's troubled ſea,

That the poor baniſh'd ſoul, ſerene and free,
May riſe from earth to viſit heav'n and thee.
Come, Peace divine! ſhed gently from above;
Inſpire my willing boſom, wondrous Love!
Thy purpled pinions to my ſhoulders tie,
And point the paſſage where I want to fly.
But whither, whither now! what pow'rful fire
With this bleſs'd influence equals my deſire?
I riſe, (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns
And acts in fancy ſuch inchanted ſcenes)
Earth leſſ'ning flies, the parting ſkies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the ſun, and now the ſtars, are gone,
Yet ſtill methinks the ſpirit bears me on
Where tracts of ether purer blue diſplay,
And edge the golden realm of native day.
Oh! ſtrange enjoyment of a bliſs unſeen!
Oh! raviſhment! oh! ſacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleaſure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, exceſſive, from the world refin'd!
I ſee the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words that iſſuing thence proclaim,
"Let God's attendants praiſe his awful name!"
Then heads unnumber'd bend before the ſhrine,
Myſterious ſeat of Majeſty divine!
And hands unnumber'd ſtrike the ſilver ſtring,
And tongues unnumber'd hallelujah ſing.

See where the ſhining ſeraphims appear,
And ſink their decent eyes with holy fear;
See flights of angels all their feathers raiſe,
And range the orbs, and as they range they praiſe:
Behold the great Apoſtles! ſweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure ether ſet:
Behold the Prophets, full of heav'nly fire,
With wand'ring finger wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the Martyrs tune, and all around
The Church triumphant makes the region ſound.
With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are ſeen,
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is muſic and exceſs of joy.
  Charm'd with the ſight, I long to bear a part,
The pleaſure flutters at my raviſh'd heart.
Sweet ſaints and angels of the heavenly choir!
If love has warm'd you with celeſtial fire,
Aſſiſt my words, and as they move along,
With hallelujahs crown the burthen'd ſong.
  Father of all above and all below,
O Great! and far beyond expreſſion ſo,
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy pow'r, confine,
For pow'r and knowledge in their ſource are thine;
Around thee Glory ſpreads her golden wing;
Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah ſing.
  Son of the Father, firſt begotten Son!
Ere the ſhort meaſuring line of time begun,

The world has ſeen thy works, and joy'd to ſee
The bright effulgence manifeſt in thee.
The world muſt own thee Love's unfathom'd ſpring;
Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah ſing.
Proceeding Spirit! equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections ſhine,
With various graces, comforts unexpreſt,
With holy tranſports you refine the breaſt,
And earth is heav'nly where your gifts you bring;
Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah ſing.
But where's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
What interruption makes my bliſs retreat?
This world's got in, the thoughts of t'other's croſt,
And the gay picture's in my fancy loſt.
With what an eager zeal the conſcious ſoul
Would claim its ſeat, and ſoaring paſs the pole!
But our attempts theſe chains of earth reſtrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
So from the ground aſpiring meteors go,
And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
But their own bodies ſink them in the ſky,
When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE,

BY MEDITATING ON THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

Holy Jeſus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above,
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy ſide;
Let thy ſtreams of comfort roll,
Let them pleaſe and fill my ſoul:
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladneſs, full of thee;
This for which my wiſhes pine
Is the cup of love divine.
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet above the joys of ſenſe;
Bleſſed philtre! how we find
Its ſacred worſhips! how the mind
Of all the world, forgetful grown,
Can deſpiſe an earthly throne,
Raiſe it's thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and ſing of love!
Love celeſtial! wondrous heat!
O beyond expreſſion great!
What reſiſtleſs charms were thine
In thy good thy beſt deſign!
When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid.

From the ſeats of endleſs peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of grace,
They taught him to receive a birth,
To clothe in fleſh, to live on earth,
And after lifted him on high,
And taught him on the croſs to die.
  Love celeſtial! ardent fire!
O extreme of ſweet deſire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Thro' and over all my frame;
Let it warm me, let it burn,
Let my corpſe to aſhes turn,
And might thy flame thus act with me,
To ſet the ſoul from body free,
I next would uſe thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jeſus in the ſky.

THE VISION OF PIETY.

'Twas when the night in filent fable fled,
When cheerful morning fprung with rifing red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And beft the Vifion draws its heav'nly fcene;
'Twas then, as flumb'ring on my couch I lay,
A fudden fplendor feem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing, in a fweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room,
And in a void of blue, that clouds inveft,
Appear'd a daughter of th' realms of Reft:
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the facred Volume bore;
Her raiment glift'ning feem'd, a filver white,
And all her fweet companions fons of Light.

Straight as I gaz'd my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When, lo! the cherub of the fhining crowd,
That fail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the foft air, and downward feem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd;
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulfes ran,
Diffufing comfort, thus the maid began.

" Where glorious manfions are prepar'd above,
" The feats of Mufic and the feats of Love,
" Thence I defcend, and Piety my name,
" To warm thy bofom with celeftial flame,

" To teach thee praifes mix'd with humble pray'rs,
" And tune thy foul to fing feraphic airs.
" Be thou my bard." A vial here fhe caught,
(An angel's hand the cryftal vial brought)
And, as with awful found the word was faid,
She pour'd a facred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded; " Be thy Mufe thy zeal;
" Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal;
" While other pencils flatt'ring forms create,
" And paint the gawdy plumes that deck the great;
" While other pens exalt the vain delight,
" Whofe wafteful revel wakes the depth of night;
" Or others foftly fing in idle lines,
" How Damon courts, or Amaryllis fhines,
" More wifely thou felect a theme divine,
" 'Tis flames their recompenfe, 'tis heav'n is thine.
" Defpife the raptures of difcorded fire,
" Where wine, or paffion, or applaufe, infpire;
" Low reftlefs life, and ravings born of earth,
" Whofe meaner fubjects fpeak their humble birth;
" Like working feas, that, when loud winters blow,
" Not made for rifing, only rage below:
" Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
" More lafting ftill as more intenfely great;
" Produc'dwherepray'randpraifeandpleafurebreathe,
" And ever mounting whence it fhot beneath.
" Unpaint the love that, hov'ring over beds,
" From glittering pinions guilty pleafure fheds;

" Reſtore the colour to the golden mines,
" With which behind the feather'd idol ſhines:
" To flow'ring greens reſtore their native care,
" The roſe and lily never his to wear;
" To ſweet Arabia ſend the balmy breath,
" Strip the fair fleſh, and call the phantom Death:
" His bow be fabled o'er, his ſhafts the ſame,
" And fork and point them with eternal flame.
  " But urge thy pow'rs, thy utmoſt voice advance,
" Make the loud ſtrings againſt thy finger dance;
" 'Tis love that angels praiſe and men adore,
" 'Tis love divine that aſks it all and more:
" Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
" Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way,
" And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod
" Purſue the great unſeen deſcent of God;
" Hail the meek Virgin, bid the Child appear,
" The Child is God! and call him Jeſus here.
" He comes! but where to reſt? A manger's nigh;
" Make the great Being in a manger lie.
" Fill the wide ſkies with angels on the wing,
" Make thouſands gaze, and make ten thouſand ſing.
" Let men afflict him; men he came to ſave,
" And ſtill afflict him till he reach the grave.
" Make him reſign'd; his loads of ſorrow meet,
" And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
" I'll bathe my treſſes there, my pray'rs rehearſe,
" And glide in flames of love along my verſe.

"Ah! while I ſpeak I feel my boſom ſwell,
"My raptures ſmother what I long to tell!
"'Tis God! a preſent God! thro' cleaving air
"I ſee the throne, and ſee the Jeſus there
"Plac'd on the right; he ſhews the wounds he
"(My fervours oft' have won him thus before)
"How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach
"He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near."
She ceas'd; the cloud on which ſhe ſeem'd to
Its curls unfolded, and around her ſpread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raiſe the clou
And ſweep their iv'ry lutes, and ſing aloud.
The ſcene moves off, while all its ambient ſky
Is turn'd to wondrous muſic as they fly,
And ſoft the ſwelling ſounds of muſic grow,
And faint their ſoftneſs, till they fail below.
My downy ſleep the warmth of Phœbus bro
And while my thoughts were ſettling thus I ſ
"Thou beauteous Viſion! on the ſoul impreſt,
"When moſt my reaſon would appear to reſt,
"'Twas ſure with pencils dipt in various ligh
"Some curious angel limn'd thy ſacred ſights
"From blazing ſuns his radiant gold he drew,
"While moons the ſilver gave, and air the bl
"I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing
"And ſeek the ſacred hill, and light to ſing
"('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my la
"Obedient to thy ſummons, ſound with praiſ

"But ſtill I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
"I take for truth the flatt'ries of a dream;
"And barely wiſh the wondrous gift I boaſt,
"And faintly practice what deſerves it moſt.
"Indulgent Lord! whoſe gracious love diſplays
"Joys in the light, and fills the dark with eaſe,
"Be this, to bleſs my days, no dream of bliſs,
"Or be, to bleſs the nights, my dreams like this."

CONTENTS.

Page
The Life of the Author, 5
Dedication to the Rt. Hon. Robert, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, by A. Pope, 23

ANACREONTICS.

Anacreontic I. 25
Anacreontic II. 27

ECLOGUES.

Health. An Eclogue, 31
The Flies. An Eclogue, 34

SONGS.

Song I. When thy beauty appears, *&c.* 37
Song II. Thyrsis, a young, *&c.* *ib.*
Song III. My days have been, *&c.* 39

HYMNS.

A Hymn to Contentment, 41
A Hymn for Morning, 44
A Hymn for Noon, 45
A Hymn for Evening, 47

EPISTLES.

Page
To Mr. Pope, 49
To a young Lady, on her tranſlation of the ſtory of Phœbus and Daphne, from Ovid. 52

MISCELLANIES.

Heſiod: or, The Riſe of Woman, 54
The Hermit, 64
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient Engliſh ſtyle, 73
The Vigil of Venus. Written in the time of Julius Cæſar, and by ſome aſcribed to Catullus, 82
Homer's Batrachomuomachia: or, The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. In three Books.
Book I. 93
Book II. 99
Book III. 104
A tranſlation of part of the firſt Canto of the Rape of the Lock into Leonine verſe, after the manner of the ancient Monks, 112
An Elegy. To an old Beauty, 115
The Book-worm, 118
An Allegory on Man, 122
In imitation of ſome French verſes, 126
A Night-piece on death, 128
The Horſe and the Olive, 132
The third Satire of Dr. Donne verſified by Dr. Parnell, 135

Page
To the Reader. Prefixed to Parnell's Poſthumous Works, 145
The Gift of Poetry, 147
The Soul in Sorrow, 150
The Happy Man, 151
The way to Happineſs, 154
The Convert's love, 155
A deſire to praiſe, 157
On Happineſs in this Life, 160
Ecſtaſy, 161
On Divine Love, by meditating on the wounds of Chriſt, 165
The Viſion of Piety, 167

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